JURASSIC PARK

screenplay

by

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based upon the novel

by

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and on adaptations

by

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1 EXT JUNGLE NIGHT 1

An eyeball, big, yellowish, distinctly inhuman, stares raptly between wooden slats, part of a large crate. The eye darts from side to side, alert as hell.

FROM INSIDE THE CRATE,

we get glimpses of what's on the other side of those wooden slats -- jungle foliage, MEN with rifles, searing searchlights. The view is herky-jerky as the crate is lowered into the thick of the foliage.

IN THE JUNGLE,

the crate THUDS to the jungle floor and the ropes that held it aloft are unhitched and drop like so many dead snakes.

A legend tries to place us --

ISLA NUBLAR
120 MILES WEST OF COSTA RICA

-- but to us it's still the middle of nowhere.

It's quiet for a second. A ROAR rises up from the jungle, deafening. The trees shake as something very, very large plows ahead through them, right at us. Every head gathered in this little clearing snaps, turning in the direction of the sound as it bursts through the trees.

It's a bulldozer. It drops its scoop and pushes forward, into the back end of the crate, shoving it across the jungle floor toward an impressive fenced structure that towers over an enclosed section of thick jungle. There's a guard tower at one end of this holding pen that makes it look a little like San Quentin.

A door slides open in the pen, making a space as big as the end of the wooden crate.

The bulldozer stops as the crate THUDS up against the edge of the opening. A series of warning lights on the rim of the pen light up, showing contact has been made. The movement has agitated whatever is inside the crate, and the whole thing shivers as GROWLS and SNAPS come from inside.

Nobody moves for a second. Finally, a GUY with more keys on his belt than anybody else gestures to the front of the crate. TWO WORKERS jump on top of the crate and grab hold of handles on either side of the top of the end panel.

The searchlights are trained on the door. The Riflemen throw the bolts on their guns. The Workers lift the panel, which rises with a GRINDING sound.

But it gets stuck halfway up. The Workers pull harder, and all at once, with a ROAR from inside the crate, the panel flies out of their hands and THUDS to the jungle floor.

A claw SLASHES out from inside the crate, sinking into the ankle of the Worker nearest the edge, pulling him abruptly down, into the space between the crate and the rim of the holding pen.

The Worker SCREAMS, stuck at his ample waist, his legs being torn to shreds below him. The other Worker grabs him and starts a tug-of-war with whatever's in the crate, the Riflemen FIRE slugs through the SPLINTERING wood, and we --

CUT TO:

2 EXT MOUNTAINSIDE DAY 2

Dozens of shirtless WORKERS claw and scrape at a rocky mountainside that is the site of an extensive mining operation. The work is all done by hand, pick and shovel instead of dynamite and bulldozer. Another legend:

MANO DE DIOS AMBER MINE
DOMINICAN REPUBLIC.

JUAN ROSTAGNO, thirtyish, Costa Rican, a smart-looking guy in worker's clothes, hustles up a steep part of the mountainside, toward a commotion further up the hill. Most of the Miners are heading that way, waving to Rostagno and SHOUTING in Spanish for him to hurry.

DONALD GENNARO, fortyish, in a city man's idea of hiking clothes and a hundred dollar haircut, tries to keep up.

GENNARO
Hammond's conduct is reprehensible! He's facing a $20 million lawsuit from the family of that worker and he won't even <u>see</u> me?!

ROSTAGNO
He sends his apologies. He needed to leave early to be by his daughter's side. She's getting a divorce.

GENNARO
He doesn't get it. If there's another one of these "accidents," the park is <u>over</u>. I'm not just talking about malpractice and scandal and loss of personal assets -- I'm talking possible <u>jail</u> <u>time</u> here.

ROSTAGNO
Mr. Hammond will not approve an inspection. Not at this point.

Gennaro finally catches up, grabs Rostagno by the arm, and stops him.

GENNARO
I've got sixteen different ways to win this in court. I'll get an injunction and shut him down tomorrow if I have to. The inspection is going to happen.

Rostagno chews his lip as the excited Miners stream past them, joining a group that is gathered around a hole in the ground.

ROSTAGNO
Hammond chooses the experts?

GENNARO
Fine.

Rostagno turns, fights his way through the Miners grouped around the hole, and jumps in. He takes something from one of the Miners and examines it.

He holds it up to the light of the sun. It's a chunk of amber, a shiny yellow rock about the size of a half dollar. With the light of the sun shining through it, the amber is translucent, and there is something actually <u>inside</u> this strange stone --

-- a huge mosquito, long dead, entombed there.

Rostagno smiles.

CUT TO:

3 OMITTED 3

4 OMITTED 4

5 EXT THE DIG DAY 5

A two-foot square of rough, dried soil has been carefully excavated, revealing the whitish, rounded arcs of fossilized bone. Someone carefully CHIPS a chunk of foreign matter from one of the bones with a dental pick, then dusts them clean with an artist's camel brush. A bone section, part of a claw, crumbles free from the rest of the skeleton.

VOICE (o.s.)
(from far away)
Dr. Grant?

ALAN GRANT, mid-thirties, sits up, sweating profusely, and we see the bone he's working on is just part of an entire skeleton. He turns the claw over in the palm of his hand, thinking.

Another legend:

BADLANDS OUTSIDE SNAKEWATER, MONTANA.

Grant's a ragged-looking guy, long hair, a few days' growth of beard, well-tanned. His concentration is fierce -- you wouldn't want to get in the way of it.

VOICE (o.s.)
Dr. Grant!

Grant, not seeming to hear the voice, reaches below the rug-layer's pads strapped to his bare knees and scratches. His break over, he carefully paints the exposed section of bone with rubber cement before continuing.

Another VOICE shouts to him, a woman's, and this one is impatient and unafraid.

VOICE (o.s.)
Yo, Alan! We're ready to try again!

Grant stands, painfully, stretching out his back.

GRANT
I hate computers.

He shoves the claw absent-mindedly in his pocket and walks toward the source of the voice. As he goes we get our first look at the badlands. Exposed outcroppings of crumbling limestone stretch for miles in every direction, not a tree or a bush in sight.

In the dig itself, the ground is checkered with excavations everywhere. There's a base camp with five or six teepees, a flapping mess tent, a few cars, and a mobile home. There are a dozen VOLUNTEERS of all ages at work in various places around the dig. The Volunteers are from all walks of life, dinosaur buffs. Three or four of them have their CHILDREN with them, toddler age. The kids run around, like in a giant sandbox.

Storm clouds are gathering overhead; a thundershower seems imminent.

Grant arrives where THREE VOLUNTEERS are clustered around a computer terminal that's set up on a table in a small tent, its flaps lashed open. Also with them is DR. ELLIE SATTLER, in her late twenties, athletic-looking. There's an impatience about Ellie, as if nothing in life happens quite fast enough for her.

ELLIE
(to Grant)
Ready?

GRANT
Give it a shot.

A SECOND VOLUNTEER throws a switch on a machine that looks a bit like a floor buffer. The whole thing hops up into the air as it drives a soft lead pellet into the earth with tremendous force. There is a dull THUD, the earth seems to vibrate, and all eyes turn to the computer screen --

-- which suddenly comes alive, yellow contour lines tracing across it in three waves, detailing a dinosaur skeleton.

The Volunteers CHEER and slap hands.

ELLIE
It looks a little distorted. Is that the computer?

GRANT
(shakes his head)
Postmortem contraction of the posterior neck ligaments. That's just time. Lots and lots of time.

ELLIE
Velociraptor?

GRANT
Definitely. Five, six feet high. Nine feet long. Maybe our luck is finally starting to change!

He puts an arm around Ellie's shoulders and tugs her close. She takes his hand; there's an easy intimacy between them.

He leans closer to the screen, really studying it.

GRANT (cont.)
Look at the half-moon shaped bone in the wrist. No wonder he learned how to fly.

The group laughs. Grant is surprised.

GRANT (cont.)
Seriously. Show of hands. Who's read my book?

Everyone stops laughing and looks away. Ellie raises her hand supportively. Grant sighs.

GRANT (cont.)
Maybe conventional thinking is wrong. Maybe dinosaurs have more in common with present-day birds than reptiles. The word raptor means "bird of prey." Look at the musculature. It suggests quick, darting movement. Sounds like a bird to me.

A Volunteer, who has a three year old with him, tosses aside the rock he's been working on and picks up his kid.

VOLUNTEER
Doesn't make this one seem very fearsome. Kind of like a six foot turkey.

Everyone sort of draws in their breath and looks at Grant, who turns to the Volunteer, lowers his sunglasses, and stares at him like he just came from another planet. Grant goes to him, puts an arm around the guy's shoulders in a friendly way, and leads him to the computer screen.

GRANT
You'd get your first look at the six foot turkey as you step into a clearing. But velociraptor knew you were there a long time ago.

Ellie rolls her eyes.

ELLIE
(under her breath)
Here we go.

GRANT
He's not so big, you think, shorter than you, only a little heavier. He moves fluidly, lightly, bobbing his head. You stay frozen. You think maybe his visual acuity's based on movement, like T-rex, and he'll lose you if you don't move. But it's not. Not velociraptor. You stare at him, and he just stares back.

On the screen, the image of the velociraptor rotates around to the front, so we are facing it dead on.

GRANT (cont.)
That's when the attack comes -- but from the side, from the other two raptors you didn't even know were there. Velociraptor's a pack hunter, see, he uses coordinated attack patterns, and he's out in force today. They slash at you with this --

Grant leads the Volunteer to the skeleton, and points to the raptor's three-toed foot. He takes its claw from his pocket.

GRANT (cont.)
-- a six inch retractable claw, like a razor, on the middle toe. They don't try to bite the jugular, like a lion, they just slash here, here --

He points to the Volunteer's chest and thigh.

GRANT (cont.)
-- or maybe across the belly, spilling your intestines. Point is, you're alive when they start to eat you. Whole thing took about four seconds.

The faces of both the Volunteer and his kid are a combination of fascination and dread.

GRANT (cont.)
So, you know, try to show a little respect.

The group laughs and THUNDER rumbles overhead. Grant looks to the sky, which really threatens rain now.

GRANT (cont.)
Okay, let's get that fossil protected. A two meter trench oughta do it, along the southern and western edges. Let's get started!

The group snaps to and gets to work. Grant pauses to pick up the rock the Volunteer tossed aside when he picked up his kid. He looks at it briefly and hands it back to him.

GRANT (cont.)

There's a tooth in there.

6 ON THE HILLSIDE, 6

GRANT marches down the hillside toward the base camp. ELLIE falls into stride next to him. He gives her a dirty look.

GRANT
Haven't the diggers heard of babysitters?

ELLIE
For the whole summer? To get the good diggers back, you have to let them bring their kids. A lot of people have kids, you know. It's natural.

GRANT
My point is he might have seen the tooth if he wasn't distracted by the kid. Can't we find diggers that don't breed?

ELLIE
Sorry, Alan, not everybody can be like you.

GRANT
(groans)
I don't want to talk about this.

ELLIE
Of course you don't.

GRANT
(for the 100th time)
They're too dependant, they've got no ideas of their own, they're expensive -- we've got four summers of work here we haven't raised the money for yet and you want --

ELLIE
I don't want to talk about this.

GRANT
(sighs)
What did we do the last time it came up?

ELLIE
I got pissed and went to the other dig site for a week.

GRANT
Well, what was wrong with that?
That was great!

He keeps walking, not noticing she has stopped in her tracks, offended. She kicks a dirt clod in frustration.

CUT TO:

7 OMITTED 7

8 INT GRANT'S TEEPEE NIGHT 8

GRANT is asleep in his teepee in the middle of the night. From faroff, there is a faint CLINKING sound. Grant stirs and awakens. He looks to his left. There's just an empty sleeping bag.

GRANT
Ellie?

As he blinks the sleep out of his eyes, he hears the CLINKING sound again. He rolls over and opens the flap of the teepee.

THROUGH THE FLAP,

he can see across the camp, where ELLIE is angrily pounding stakes into the ground, erecting her own teepee, far away from his.

Grant sighs and falls back against his sleeping bag again.

GRANT
Aw, El.

There is another noise now, a deep vibration. It grows steadily louder and the teepee starts to flap and shake. It becomes a ROAR, like some giant beast descending on the camp. Grant scrambles to his feet and pulls on a pair of pants as the teepee whips and sways around him.

9 EXT CAMP NIGHT 9

GRANT runs out into the camp, where wind blows everywhere. ELLIE joins him. They shield their eyes and look up, into a bright white light that is the source of all this chaos --

-- a huge helicopter, hovering over the camp. The teepee Ellie was putting up rips off its poles and crabwalks across the ground. She takes off after it.

As the OTHERS now stumble out of their tents, Grant is taken by another thought.

He races up to the dig as the helicopter circles. The prop wash is blowing dirt and sand everywhere, filling in everything they've dug out, blowing the protective canvasses off.

Grant tries desperately to pull the canvasses back down, to protect their work. He looks up at the helicopter and SHOUTS, shaking his fist.

GRANT
LUNATIC!

BACK DOWN AT THE CAMP,

the helicopter has landed, and its propellers are stopping. The VOLUNTEERS are all gathered around it, talking among themselves.

Grant comes down from the mountaintop like Moses, steaming.

GRANT
Who's responsible?! Where are they?!

A Volunteer points timidly to a mobile home across the camp.

10 INT TRAILER NIGHT 10

The trailer serves as the dig's office. There are several long wooden tables set up, every inch covered with bone specimens that are neatly laid out, tagged, and labeled. Farther along are ceramic dishes and crocks, soaking other bones in acid and vinegar.

There's old, dusty furniture at one end of the trailer, and a refrigerator. A Man roots around in the refrigerator, his back to us, GRUMBLING about the contents, which are mostly beer. His hands fall across a bottle of expensive champagne in the back.

MAN
Ah hah!

He pulls it out, POPS the cork and takes a deep swig, right out of the bottle.

The door to the trailer SLAPS open and GRANT storms in. He stares incredulously at the Man, whose back is still turned, drinking his champagne without an invitation.

GRANT
What the hell do you think -- hey!
We were saving that!

The Man turns around. JOHN HAMMOND, seventyish, is spritely as hell, with bright, shining eyes that say "Follow me!" He finishes his swig of champagne and wipes his mouth on his sleeve.

HAMMOND
For today, I guarantee it.

GRANT
Who in God's name do you think you --

HAMMOND
John Hammond. Great to finally meet you in person, Dr. Grant.

Grant is struck silent. He shakes hands, staring dumbly.

GRANT
Mr. -- Hammond?

Hammond looks around the trailer approvingly, at the enormous amount of work the bones represent.

HAMMOND
I can see my fifty thousand a year has been well spent.

The door SLAPS open again and ELLIE comes in, just as pissed off as Grant was.

ELLIE
Okay, who's the jerk?

GRANT
Uh, Dr. Ellie Sattler, John Hammond.
(in case she doesn't get it)
John Hammond.

ELLIE
(thinks)
Did I say jerk?

HAMMOND
Sorry for the dramatic entrance, but I'm in a hurry. Drink?

He offers her the bottle of champagne. She takes it, unsure what else to do.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Don't let it get warm!
(expansively)
Come on in, both of you. Sit down.

They follow him into their own trailer and sit down in the dusty furniture at one end. They look at each other, taken aback by this guy's style.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Dr. Sattler, I understand you're a paleobotanist.

ELLIE
That's right.

HAMMOND
Good for you. I'll get right to the point. I like you. Both of you. I can tell instantly with people; it's a gift.
(new subject)
I own an island. Off the coast of Costa Rica. I leased it from the government and spent the last five years setting up a kind of biological preserve down there. Spared no expense. Really spectacular. It's going to make the one I had in Kenya look like a petting zoo. Our attractions will send kids right out of their minds.

GRANT
And what are those?

ELLIE
Small versions of adults, honey.

He gives her a dirty look.

HAMMOND
Not just kids, mind you -- everybody. We'll be opening next year. That is, if the lawyers don't kill me first. I hate lawyers. You?

GRANT
I, uh -- don't really know any.

HAMMOND
Well, I'm afraid I do. There's one, a real pain-in-the-ass, represents my investors. He says they insist on an inspection, or they won't release any more funds. They want outside professional opinions.

ELLIE
What kind of opinions?

HAMMOND
Your kind. Let's face it, in your fields, I am speaking to the top two minds. If I could just get you two to sign off on the park -- you know, give it your endorsement, maybe sign a brief testimonial -- I could get back on schedule.

GRANT
Why would they care what we think? What kind of park is it?

HAMMOND
(smiles)
It's -- right up your alley. Why don't you both come on down? Just for the weekend. I've got a jet standing by at Choteau.

GRANT
That wouldn't be possible. We've just discovered a new skeleton, and --

HAMMOND
I could compensate you by fully funding your dig.

GRANT
-- this would be an awfully unusual time --

HAMMOND
For three years.

Grant OOFS as Ellie elbows him hard in the ribs.

CUT TO:

11 EXT CHOTEAU AIRFIELD NIGHT 11

An executive jet's engines SCREAM to life on a private airfield.

12 INT AIRPLANE NIGHT 12

HAMMOND, GRANT and ELLIE climb aboard the tiny private jet and find seats.

DONALD GENNARO, whom we recognize as the lawyer from the amber mine, is also aboard. Gennaro is now dressed in safari clothes, everything straight from Banana Republic, still with the package lines in it. Hammond reaches over and pulls the price tag out of the back of Gennaro's jacket with a SNAP. Gennaro gives him a dirty look.

HAMMOND
Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler, this is Donald Gennaro, the pain-in-the-ass I told you about.

Gennaro nods and shakes. Hammond turns to the only other passenger on the plane, IAN MALCOLM, fortyish, a brooding presence who always seems to be looking up at you through thickening brows.

HAMMOND (cont.)
(distinctly unfriendly)
And our other consultant, Ian Malcolm.

ELLIE
Dr. Ian Malcolm, the mathematician?

Malcolm can't help but look Ellie up and down, which Grant notices.

MALCOLM
That's me. So -- you two dig up dinosaurs?

GRANT
Try to.

Malcolm seems to find this very amusing. Grant and Ellie just look at each other, confused.

HAMMOND
You'll have to get used to Ian. He has a deplorable excess of personality.
(to Gennaro)
And you invited him.

MALCOLM
And a lucky thing you did. It sounds as though you have quite a problem.

HAMMOND
We have no problem. Everything's proceeding along thoroughly predictable lines.

MALCOLM
Which is precisely when the Malcolm Effect usually takes over.

HAMMOND
Codswallop! You've never come <u>close</u> to explaining these concerns of yours about the island.

MALCOLM
I certainly did. Quite clearly. Because of the behavior of the system in phase space.

HAMMOND
(to Grant and Ellie)
See what I mean?

MALCOLM
Dr. Grant, Dr. Sattler -- you've heard of Chaos theory?
(they shake their heads)
Non-linear equations? Strange attractors?

GRANT
Sorry.

MALCOLM
(looks at his watch)
Plenty of time to explain before we get to the island.

HAMMOND
Well, that should make for a fun flight.

GRANT
(to Hammond)
It sounds like we're still the only ones who don't know what the nature of your island is.

HAMMOND
I can't tell you <u>now</u>.

GRANT
Why not?

Hammond sits back, and his twinkly eyes were never twinklier.

HAMMOND
Because then it wouldn't be a surprise!

CUT TO:

12A INT CAFE DAY 12A

DENNIS NEDRY is in his late thirties, a big guy with a constant smile that could either be laughing with you or at you, you can never tell. He sits at a table in the back of a Central American cafe, eating chicken, really picking the bones clean. Nedry's already sweating in the morning heat.

Another legend:

SAN JOSE, COSTA RICA.

Nedry looks up to the door and sees a man -- LOUIS DODGSON, fiftyish, wearing a large straw hat and looking almost too much like an American tourist. Dodgson clutches an attache case close to him and scans the cafe furtively.

Nedry laughs, shakes his head, and waves to him.

NEDRY
Dodgson!

Dodgson hurries over to the table.

DODGSON
(as he sits)
You shouldn't use my name.

NEDRY
Dodgson, Dodgson, Dodgson.
(loud)
Hey, we got Dodgson over here! See, nobody cares. Nice hat. What are you supposed to be, a secret agent or something?

Dodgson ignores that, sets his attache case down next to the table, and slides it towards Nedry.

DODGSON
Seven hundred fifty thousand dollars.

Nedry smiles and pulls the attache closer to him.

DODGSON (cont.)
On delivery, fifty thousand more for each viable embryo. That's a million five, total, if you get all fifteen species off the island.

NEDRY
I'll get 'em all.

DODGSON
Remember -- viable embryos. They're no use to us if they don't survive.

NEDRY
How am I supposed to transport them?

Dodgson pulls an ordinary can of shaving cream from a shoulder bag he carries and sets it on the table.

DODGSON
The bottom slides open; it's cooled and compartmentalized inside. They can even check it if they like. Press the top.

Nedry presses the top of the can and real shaving cream comes out. He grins, impressed. While Dodgson talks, Nedry looks around for somewhere to wipe the shaving cream and ends up dumping it on top of someone's Jell-O on a dessert tray next to him.

DODGSON (cont.)
There's enough coolant gas for thirty-six hours. The embryos have to be back here in San Jose by then.

NEDRY
That's up to your guy on the boat. Seven o'clock tomorrow night. At the east dock, not the main berth. Make sure he's got it right.

DODGSON
How will you beat the security?

NEDRY
I got an eighteen minute window. Eighteen minutes, and your company catches up on ten years of research.

DODGSON
We look at it as healthy competition.

NEDRY
Sure you do. Survival of the fittest, right?

A WAITER arrives and puts the check on the table, between them. Nedry looks down at it pointedly, then up at Dodgson.

NEDRY (cont.)
Don't get cheap on me, Dodgson.

Dodgson rolls his eyes and picks up the check.

NEDRY (cont.)
That was Hammond's mistake.

CUT TO:

13 EXT OPEN SEA DAY 13

A helicopter skims low over the shimmering Pacific.

14 INT HELICOPTER DAY 14

GRANT, ELLIE, GENNARO, and MALCOLM are huddled in the back of the chopper, looking a little the worse for wear for their long trip. HAMMOND and GENNARO are in the front, engaged in a heated argument that the others can only hear snatches of.

GENNARO
You invited who else?!

HAMMOND
They'll join us in a few hours. Think of it as market research.

GENNARO
Are you out of your mind?!

HAMMOND
Now, look here. I think you and I have to get something straight --

GENNARO
No, you get something straight!

Grant and the others exchange an uncomfortable look.

GENNARO (cont.)
This is no weekend excursion -- this is a serious investigation of the stability of your island because your investors are deeply concerned! Forty-eight hours from now, if they --
(points to Grant, Ellie, and Malcolm)
-- are not convinced, I'm not convinced, and I'll --

He stops in the middle of his sentence, staring out the front window of the helicopter.

GENNARO (cont.)
Wow.

The others all strain to look out the front window. Up ahead, they see what Gennaro sees.

Isla Nublar. It's a smallish island, completely ringed by thick clouds that give it a lush, mysterious feel. The PILOT pulls up over a spot in the clouds and starts to descend, fast.

HAMMOND
Bad wind shears! We have to drop pretty fast! Hold on, this can be a little thrilling!

The helicopter drops like a stone. Outside the windows, they can see cliff walls racing by, uncomfortably close. They bounce like hell, hitting wild up and downdrafts. Only Hammond still feels chatty.

HAMMOND (cont.)
We're planning an airstrip! On pilings, extending out into the ocean twelve thousand feet! Like La Guardia, only a lot safer! What do you think?!

They don't answer, just hold on. As they near the ground, a luminous white cross appears below them, a landing pad shining through the plexiglass bubble in the floor of the chopper.

The cross grows rapidly larger as the chopper plummets, but a sudden updraft catches them and they bounce skyward for a moment, then drop again, even faster if possible, before landing with a hard BUMP.

Silence for a moment as the Pilot kills the rotors.

BANG! The helicopter door is jerked open from outside. They all jump back, startled, as a MAN in work clothes sticks his head into the chopper.

MAN
Welcome to Jurassic Park.

15 EXT HILLTOP DAY 15

Two large, open-top jeeps ROAR down the hilltop away from the landing cross as the helicopter engines WHINE back to life and the rotors start to spin again.

ELLIE, GRANT, and MALCOLM hold on tight in the rear jeep, HAMMOND and GENNARO are in the lead jeep. Both cars have DRIVERS.

They pass through an enormous gate in a thirty foot high fence. There are large electrical insulators on the fence, warning lights that strobe importantly, and very clear signs -- "ELECTRIFIED FENCE! 10,000 VOLTS!"

IN THE FRONT JEEP,

Gennaro regards the fences critically.

GENNARO
The full fifty miles of perimeter fence are in place?

HAMMOND
And the concrete moats, and the motion sensor tracking systems. We know what we're doing, Donald.

GENNARO
I want your animal expert to take me on a foot by foot inspection of all the containment systems.

HAMMOND
Whatever you want. Get out of the way! I can't see their faces.

He shoves him aside, to get a clear view back at Grant and Ellie.

HAMMOND (cont.)
I wouldn't miss this for the world.

Now inside the gates, the jeeps reach a flat area and pick up a packed dirt road.

IN THE SECOND JEEP,

Ellie stares off to the right, fascinated by the thick tropical plant life around them. She tilts her head, as if something's wrong with this picture.

She reaches out and grabs hold of a leafy branch as they drive by, TEARING it from the tree. She stares at it, amazed, running her hand lightly over it.

ELLIE
Alan --

But Grant's not paying attention, as he's staring off too, out the other side of the jeep. As the jeep bounces along down the narrow path, tree trunks whiz by on the other side of a wide moat.

Grant notices several of the tree trunks are leafless -- just as thick as the other trees, but gray and bare.

IN THE FRONT JEEP,

Hammond, watching Grant, signals to his Driver, who slows and stops.

IN THE SECOND JEEP,

ELLIE
(still staring at the leaf)
This shouldn't be here.

Grant twists in his seat as the jeep stops and looks at one of the gray tree trunks. He raises his head, looking up the length of the trunk. He looks higher.

And higher.

And higher.

That's no tree trunk. That's a leg. Grant's jaw drops, his head falls all the way back, and he looks up even higher, above the tree line.

Several of the top branches are suddenly RIPPED away, leaving a space in the tree that clearly reveals --

-- a dinosaur. Chewing the branches.

Technically, it's a brachiosaur, of the sauropod family, but we've always called it a brontosaurus. It CRUNCHES the branches in its mouth, which is some thirty-five feet up off the ground, at the end of its long, arching neck. It stares down at the people in the car with a pleasant, stupid gaze.

ELLIE (cont.)
(still looking at the leaf)
This species of veriforman has been extinct for --

Grant, never tearing his eyes from the brachiosaur, reaches over and grabs Ellie's head, turning it to face the animal.

She sees it, and drops the leaf.

ELLIE (cont.)
Oh -- my -- God.

Hammond gets out of his jeep and comes back to join them. He looks like a proud parent showing off the kid.

HAMMOND
You want to go pet it?

Ian Malcolm looks at Hammond, amazed, and with an expression that is a mixture of admiration and reproachment.

MALCOLM
You did it. You crazy son of a bitch, you did it.

Grant, riveted, has slowly been standing up in his seat, as if to get closer, and now he is up on top of the bench, practically on his tiptoes, just transfixed by the thing.

He lets out one long, sharp HAH! -- like a combination laugh and shout of joy.

The noise startles the animal, which turns its head sharply. Quickly, FIVE OTHER HEADS pop up all around it, one after the other, above the tree line.

Grant makes a loud, unintelligible noise and stumbles back, falling off the back of the jeep and flat on his back in the road.

The dinosaur, apparently feeling no danger from these little creatures, stretches its enormous neck out, across the moat, right in front of the jeep, across the road, and takes a bite out of a tree on the other side.

GENNARO
(quivering)
Are these -- are these -- ?!

HAMMOND
Herbivores! Relax, they only eat plants!

Gennaro seems to calm.

MALCOLM
It could still step on you.

Gennaro doesn't appreciate that. The brachiosaur withdraws, dribbling huge hunks of tree branch on the hood of the jeep. Ellie leaps out and runs across the road, following the head as it pulls back.

Grant scrambles to his feet, points at the thing, and manages to put together his first words since its appearance.

GRANT
THAT'S A DINOSAUR!

Ellie is at the edge of the moat, leaning against a railing, looking up at the sauropods in wonder. They're pretty light on their feet, a far cry from the sluggish, lumbering brutes we would have expected.

ELLIE
(to Hammond)
How many people know about this?!

HAMMOND
A few dozen consultants, around the world. Most know their part of the story, but not the whole picture.

Another sauropod, reaching for a branch high above their heads, stands effortlessly on its hind legs.

ELLIE
Look at the movement, Alan! Look at the agility!

Grant joins her, and the two of them talk a mile a minute, right on top of each other.

GRANT
My God, yes! Look at that! This is like a knockout punch for warm-bloodedness, we can just tear up the --

ELLIE
God, I'd love to drag Aaron Mitchell's sorry ass down here from Yale and watch him eat every one of those smug theories he tried to shove down --

GRANT
That thing's got a what, fourteen, fifteen foot neck?

HAMMOND
The brachiosaur? Eighteen.

GRANT
-- and you're going to sit there and try to tell me it can push blood up an eighteen foot neck without a four-chambered heart and get around like that?! Like that!?
(to Hammond)
They're fast, aren't they?!

HAMMOND
(proudly)
We clocked the T-rex at thirty-two miles an hour.

GRANT
I knew it!

ELLIE
You've got a T-rex!?
(to Grant)
He's got a T-rex!

GRANT
Let's go look at it!

HAMMOND
(laughing)
Relax, there'll be plenty of time this afternoon.

GRANT
How'd you do it?!

HAMMOND
Come on, I'll show you. We should get on to the visitor's center anyway.

GRANT & ELLIE
No!

Ellie grabs on to the railing, and she's like a little kid.

ELLIE
I want to see more dinosaurs!

HAMMOND
You've come to the right place.

Gennaro, a look of absolute rapture on his face, speaks in a voice that is hushed and reverent.

GENNARO
We are going to make a fortune with this place. A fortune.

Ian Malcolm stands off a little from the others, staring out at the dinosaurs. He shakes his head.

MALCOLM
Crazy son of a bitch.

16 EXT PARK ROAD DAY 16

The jeeps ROAR off down the road. HAMMOND and GENNARO are in the lead again, GRANT, ELLIE, and MALCOLM following. They stare out in unabashed fascination.

The jeeps come up over the crest of a hill, which affords them a view of a large section of the park. It's a beautiful vista, reminiscent of an African plain, with long, waving grasses, plentiful watering holes -- and a lot of dinosaurs.

There are herds of them, maybe a hundred that we can see in one quick glance alone, foraging, drinking, frolicking.

The jeeps stop again, to admire the view. Grant and Ellie get out, entranced, and walk to the railing. They watch as, far below, a group of dinosaurs moves as one.

GRANT
They -- they're herding! They do move in herds!

ELLIE
We were right!

HAMMOND
I needed you to be right. That's why I backed you both. We designed this place with your work on habitat restriction in mind! Feel free to mention that in your endorsement!

CUT TO:

17 EXT MAIN COMPOUND DAY 17

The main compound of Jurassic Park is a large area with three main structures connected by walkways and surrounded by two impressive fences, the outer fence almost twenty feet high. Outside the fences, the jungle has been encouraged to grow naturally.

The largest building is the visitor's center, several stories tall, its walls still skeletal, unfinished. There's a huge glass rotunda in the center.

The second building looks like a private residence, a compound unto itself, with smoked windows and its own perimeter fence.

The third structure isn't really a building at all, but the impressive cage we saw earlier, overgrown inside with thick jungle foliage.

The jeeps pull up in front of the visitor's center.

18 INT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY 18

The lobby of the still-unfinished visitor's center is a high-ceilinged place, and has to be to house its central feature, a large skeleton of a tyrannosaur that is attacking a bellowing sauropod. A staircase climbs the far wall, to another wing.

HAMMOND leads GRANT, ELLIE, GENNARO and MALCOLM through the lobby, talking as he goes.

HAMMOND
(continuing)
-- the most advanced amusement park in the world, combining all

(more)

HAMMOND (cont.)
the latest technologies. I'm not talking about just rides. Everybody has rides. We made living biological attractions so astonishing they'll capture the imagination of the entire world!

Grant stares up at the dinosaur skeletons and just shakes his head. Ellie catches his reaction.

ELLIE
What are you thinking?

GRANT
That we're out of a job.

Ian Malcolm pops in between them.

MALCOLM
Don't you mean "extinct?"

Ellie and Malcolm move on ahead, Malcolm surreptitiously checking out her butt as Grant lags behind.

CUT TO:

19 INT SHOW ROOM DAY 19

GENNARO, GRANT, ELLIE, and MALCOLM are seated in the front row of a fifty seat auditorium. The seats are big, with safety bars that can be pulled down into place, like in an amusement park. HAMMOND is on stage in front of them.

HAMMOND
The tour guests will all start here, in the pre-show room.

Behind him, a curtain rises, and a huge image of himself beams down at him from a giant television screen.

HAMMOND
(screen)
Hello, John!

HAMMOND
(stage)
Oh, damn, I've got lines.

He fumbles in his pocket for a three by five note card and scans it, looking for his place. The screen Hammond continues without him.

HAMMOND
(screen)
Fine, I guess! But how did I get here?!

HAMMOND
(stage)
Uh --
(finding his place)
"Here, let me show you. First, I'll need a drop of blood. Your blood!"

The screen-Hammond extends his finger and the stage-Hammond reaches out and mimes poking it with a needle.

HAMMOND
(screen)
Ouch! That hurts, John!

HAMMOND
(stage)
"Relax, John. It's all part of the miracle of cloning!"

While the two Hammonds rattle on, the screen image splits into two Hammonds, then four, then eight, and so on, like a shampoo commercial. Grant, Ellie, and Malcolm huddle together excitedly in the audience.

GRANT
Cloning from what?! Loy extraction has never recreated an intact DNA strand!

MALCOLM
Not without massive sequence gaps!

ELLIE
Paleo-DNA? From what source?!

GENNARO
Shhhhh!

20 IN THE FILM, 20

the screen-Hammond is joined by another figure, this one animated. MR. DNA is a cartoon character, a happy-go-lucky double-helix strand of recombinant DNA.

Mr. DNA jumps down onto the screen-Hammond's head and slides down his nose.

HAMMOND
Hey! Mr. DNA! Where'd you come from?

MR. DNA
From your blood! Just one drop of your blood contains billions of strands of DNA, the building blocks of life, mon!

21 IN THE AUDIENCE, 21

the silhouette of Malcolm leans over to the silhouette of Gennaro while Mr. DNA continues his speech.

MALCOLM
Why is Mr. DNA Jamaican?

GENNARO
Kids love Jamaicans.

22 IN THE FILM, 22

Mr. DNA has taken over the show, and is speaking to the audience from the screen.

MR. DNA
A DNA strand like me is a blueprint for building a living thing! And sometimes animals that went extinct millions of years ago, like dinosaurs, left their blueprints behind for us to find! We just had to know where to look!

The screen image changes from animated to a nature-photography look. It's an extreme close-up of a mosquito, its fangs sunk deep into some animal's flesh, its body pulsing and engorging with the blood it's drinking.

MR. DNA (cont.)
A hundred million years ago, there were mosquitoes, just like today. And, just like today, they fed on the blood of animals. Even dinosaurs!

The camera races back to show the mosquito is perched on top of a giant animated brachiosaur.

The image changes, to another close-up, this one of a tree branch, its bark glistening with golden sap. Mr. DNA leaps onto the sap.

MR. DNA (cont.)
Sometimes, after biting a dinosaur, the mosquito would land on the branch of a tree, and get stuck in the sap!

The engorged mosquito lands in the tree sap, and gets stuck. So is Mr. DNA. He tugs at his legs, but they stay stuck.

MR. DNA (cont.)
WOAH!

Now more tree sap flows over them, covering Mr. DNA and the mosquito completely. Mr. DNA SHOUTS from inside the tree sap.

MR. DNA (cont.)
After a long time, the tree sap would get hard, and become fossilized, preserving the mosquito inside, just like a dinosaur bone!

23 A SCIENCE LABORATORY 23

buzzes with activity. Everywhere, there are piles of amber, tagged and labeled, with SCIENTISTS in white coats examining it under microscopes.

MR. DNA (o.s.)
This fossilized tree sap -- which we call amber -- waited for millions of years. Until Jurassic Park's scientists came along!

A SCIENTIST looks through the eyepiece of a microscope.

24 THROUGH THE MICROSCOPE, 24

we see the greatly enlarged image of a mosquito through the lens. Mr. DNA waves from inside the amber, where he's still stuck with the mosquito. He POUNDS on it, but can't escape.

MR. DNA (o.s.)
Using sophisticated techniques, they extract the fossilized blood from the mosquito, and --

A long needle is inserted through the amber, into the thorax of the mosquito, and makes an extraction. Mr. DNA squirms out through the hole and breathes easier.

MR. DNA (cont.)
-- Bingo! Dino DNA!

25 ON THE SCREEN, 25

Mr. DNA jumps down in front of DNA data as it races by at headache speed. He holds his head, dizzied by it.

MR. DNA (cont.)
A full DNA strand contains three billion genetic codes! If we looked at screens like these once a second for eight hours a day, it'd take two years to look at the entire DNA strand! It's that long! And since it's so old, it's full of holes! That's where our genetecists take over!

25A INT GENETICS LAB DAY 25A

SCIENTISTS toil in a lab with two huge white towers at either side.

MR. DNA (o.s.)
Thinking Machine supercomputers and gene sequencers break down the strand in minutes --

One SCIENTIST, in the back, has his arms encased in two long rubber tubes. He's strapped into a bizarre apparatus, staring into a complex headpiece and moving his arms gently, like Tai Chi movements.

MR. DNA (cont.)
-- and Virtual Reality displays show our geneticists the gaps in the DNA sequence! Since most animal DNA is ninety percent identical, we use the complete DNA of a frog --

25B ON THE V.R. DISPLAY, 25B

we see an actual DNA strand, except it has a big hole in the center, where vital information is missing. MR. DNA bounds into frame, carrying a bunch of letters in one hand.

He puts it in the gap and turns his back against it, GRUNTING as he shoves it into place.

MR. DNA
(straining)
-- to fill in the -- holes and --
complete -- the --
(finally getting it)
-- code! Whew!

He brushes his hands off, satisfied.

MR. DNA (cont.)
Now we can make a baby dinosaur!

26 IN THE AUDIENCE, 26

Gennaro bursts into spontaneous applause. The scientists look at each other, not so sure.

HAMMOND
Now there's some dramatic music -- da dum da dum da dum dum -- a march or something, it's not written yet, and the tour moves on --

He throws a switch and the safety bars on their seats drop over them, CLICK into place, and the whole first row starts to move.

GRANT
Hey!

HAMMOND
That's supposed to happen! It's for your own safety!

The row of seats moves out of the auditorium, through automatic doors, and into the hallway.

27 INT HALLWAY DAY 27

The row of seats moves slowly past a row of double-paned glass windows. On the other side of the first windows, which are beneath a large sign that reads "FERTILIZATION," TECHNICIANS work at microscopes. In the back is a section entirely lit by blue ultraviolet light.

Mr. DNA's VOICE continues over a speaker in each seat.

MR. DNA (o.s.)
Our fertilization department is where the dinosaur DNA takes the place of the DNA in unfertilized emu or ostrich eggs --

Although GENNARO has a wondrous grin plastered on his face, just loving everything now, GRANT, ELLIE, and MALCOLM are frustrated, leaning forward, straining against the safety bars for a better look. But the cars keep moving.

GRANT
Wait a minute! How do you interrupt the cellular mitosis?!

ELLIE
Can't we see the unfertilized host eggs?!

But the cars are already at another set of windows, these under a sign identifying the "HATCHERY/NURSERY."

MR. DNA (o.s.)
And then it's on to our hatchery and nursery area, where we welcome them back into the world!

Grant strains to see, but the cars move past again, no intention of slowing down.

GRANT
Can't you stop these things?!

HAMMOND
Sorry! See, it's kind of a ride!

GRANT
(to Malcolm)
Let's bust outta here!

The two of them team up on the safety bars. Grant shoves his all the way back with one foot and Malcolm holds it for him while he escapes, then slithers out from underneath his own bar, runs across the other empty seats, and heads for the door of the hatchery.

GENNARO
Hey! You can't do that!

Too late. Ellie slips out from under her safety bar too and stomps right across Gennaro's seat.

GENNARO (cont.)
Come on, you guys!

They reach the door to the hatchery, but it won't budge, as it's on a security key-card system. HAMMOND steps up with his card.

HAMMOND
It's all right, Donald. They should be curious!

He slides his card through a slot in a flashing red panel and the door BUZZES open an inch.

28 INT HATCHERY/NURSERY DAY 28

The hatchery is a vast, open room, bathed in infrared light. Long tables run the length of the place, all covered with eggs, their pale outlines obscured by the hissing low mist that's all through the room.

GRANT goes to a small incubator of the kind used in hospital nurseries and peers inside. An egg is CRACKING as a baby dinosaur tries to get out, just its head sticking out of the shell.

GRANT
My God -- look!

HAMMOND, MALCOLM, and ELLIE join him, as does HENRY WU, white lab coat, late twenties, Asian-American.

HAMMOND
Henry, why didn't you tell me?! You know I insist on being here when they're born.

Hammond reaches down and carefully breaks away egg fragments, helping the baby dinosaur out of its shell.

HAMMOND (cont.)
They imprint on the first living thing they come in contact with. It helps them trust me. I've been present for the birth of every animal on this island.

MALCOLM
Surely not the ones that have bred in the wild.

WU
Oh, they can't breed in the wild. Population control is one of our security precautions. There is no unauthorized breeding here.

Grant and Ellie exchange a look. She manages not to smile.

MALCOLM
How do you know they can't breed?

WU
Because all the animals in Jurassic Park are females. We bred them that way.

The animal now free, Hammond sets it down carefully next to its shell. Grant picks it up and holds it in the palm of his hand, under the incubator's heat light. While the others talk, he's fascinated with the thing, endlessly examining it.

GRANT
Blood temperature feels like high eighties.

WU
Ninety-one.

GRANT
Homeothermic? It holds that temperature?
(Wu nods)
Incredible.

Malcolm is looking at Hammond, skeptical.

MALCOLM
Again, how do you know they're all female? Does someone go out into the park and, uh -- lift the dinosaurs' skirts?

HAMMOND
What are you getting at?

MALCOLM
The kind of control you're attempting is impossible. If there's one thing the history of evolution has taught us, it's that life will not be contained. Life breaks free. It expands to new territories. It crashes through barriers. Painfully, perhaps even dangerously, but there it is.

Ellie listens to him, impressed. Grant, ignoring the others, spreads the baby dinosaur out on the back of his hand and delicately runs his finger over its tail, counting the vertebrae. A look of puzzled recognition crosses his face.

WU
You're implying that a group composed entirely of female animals will breed?

MALCOLM
I'm simply saying that life -- finds a way.

ELLIE
That's quite philosophical. I like that.

Malcolm smiles at her, too warmly. Again, Grant doesn't notice, as he's now obsessed with the infant dinosaur, measuring and weighing it on a nearby lab bench.

WU
I assure you, we are in control here. All our protective systems have backups. We not only control reproduction, we can also interrupt the animals' lifespans if need be.

ELLIE
You mean kill them?

WU
It's a security precaution. We inserted a gene that makes a single faulty enzyme in protein metabolism. As a result, they cannot manufacture the amino acid lysine. Unless they continually get lysine from us, in tablet form, they'll go into a coma within seven days and die.

ELLIE
You do mean kill them.

HAMMOND
That one was just to cover liability, just for the lawyers. We never intend to use that.

GRANT
What species is this? It looks a little like deinonychus, or --

He stops, a strange look on his face, as if he knows what it might be -- but it can't be.

WU
Similar. It's velociraptor.

Grant and Ellie turn slowly and look at each other, then look at Hammond, astonished.

GRANT
You bred raptors?

CUT TO:

29 EXT RAPTOR PEN DAY 29

GRANT, ELLIE, MALCOLM, and GENNARO are next to the velociraptor pen, which we recognize as the heavily fortified cage we saw earlier, with the San Quentin tower at one end. Grant stands right up against the fence, eyes wide, dying for a glimpse.

HAMMOND is behind them.

MALCOLM
Why did you have to isolate them? Are they uncontrollable?

HAMMOND
Not at all. They're fascinating animals. Fascinating. Come along, we've set up lunch for you before you head out into the park.

ELLIE
What are they doing?

As they watch, a giant crane lowers something large down into the middle of the jungle foliage inside the pen. Something very large.

It's a cow. The poor thing looks disconcerted as hell, helpless in its harness, flailing its legs in the air.

HAMMOND
Feeding them, I think.
(moving along)
You know, Steve, our cook, put together a fine menu for you. A Chilean sea bass, I think. Spared no expense. Shall we?

But the others stay rooted to the spot, staring as the cow disappears into the shroud of foliage. The line from the crane hangs slack for a moment.

The jungle seems to grow very quiet. They all stare at the motionless crane line. It jerks suddenly, like a fishing pole finally getting a nibble. There's a pause --

-- and then a frenzy. The line jerks every which way, the jungle plants sway and SNAP from some frantic activity within, there is a cacophony of GROWLING, of SNAPPING, of wet CRUNCHES that mean the cow is literally being torn to pieces and it almost makes it <u>worse</u> that we can't see anything of what's going on --

-- and then it's quiet again. The line jerks a few more times, then stops. Slowly the SOUNDS of the jungle start up again.

ELLIE
God.

HAMMOND
Awfully impressive, aren't they? Given time, they're going to outdraw the T-rex. I guarantee it.

GRANT
Can we get closer?! Can we look at them?

HAMMOND
We're -- still perfecting a viewing system. The raptors seem to be a bit resistant to integration into a park setting.

A VOICE comes from behind them.

VOICE (o.s.)
They should all be destroyed.

They turn and look at the man who spoke. ROBERT MULDOON, fortyish, British, stands a little behind them, hands in his pockets, hat shoved back on his head. When Muldoon talks, you listen.

HAMMOND
Robert Muldoon was my game warden in Kenya. Bit of an alarmist, but he's dealt with the raptors more than anyone.

GRANT
What kind of metabolism do they have? What's their growth rate?

MULDOON
They're lethal in eight months. And I do mean lethal. I've hunted everything that can hunt you, but the way these things move --

GRANT
Fast for a biped?

MULDOON
Cheetah speed. Sixty, seventy miles an hour if they ever got out in the open. And they're astonishing jumpers.

HAMMOND
Yes, yes, yes, which is why we've taken extreme precautions. The viewing area below us will have eight inch tempered glass set in reinforced steel frames to --

GRANT
Do they show intelligence? With a brain cavity like theirs we assumed --

MULDOON
They're as smart as chimpanzees. Especially the big one. We bred eight originally, but when she came in, she took over the pride and killed all but two of the others. That one -- when she looks at you, you can see she's thinking. She's why we have to feed 'em this way. She had them all attacking the fences when the feeders came.

ELLIE
But the fences are electrified.

MULDOON
They never attacked the same place twice. They were testing it for weaknesses. Systematically. They remembered.

Behind them, the crane WHIRRS back to life, raising its cable back up out of the raptor pen. The guests turn and stare as the end portion of the cable becomes visible. Only fragments of the cow's skeleton remain, the flesh torn from it in a matter of seconds.

Hammond claps his hands together excitedly.

HAMMOND
Who's hungry?

CUT TO:

30 INT VISITOR'S CENTER RESTAURANT DAY 30

HAMMOND, GRANT, ELLIE, MALCOLM, and GENNARO eat lunch at a long table in the visitor's center restaurant. There is a buffet table with ice sculptures at either end of it.

The room is darkened and Hammond is showing slides on various screens all around them. The slides are artist's renderings of future features of the island. Hammond's own recorded voice describes current and future features of the park while the slides flash all around them. (For a complete text of the recorded presentation, see appendix A.)

The real Hammond turns and speaks over the narration.

HAMMOND
None of these attractions are ready yet. The park will open with the basic tour you're about to take, and other rides will come on line six, twelve months after that.

More slides CLICK past, a series of graphs dealing with profits, attendance, and other fiscal projections. Donald Gennaro, who has become increasingly friendly with Hammond, even giddy, grins from ear to ear and slaps him on the back. Hammond winces.

GENNARO
And we can charge anything we want! Two thousand a day, ten thousand a day -- people will pay it! And then there's the merchandising --

Grant looks down, at the plate he's eating from. It's in the shape of a stegosaurus, right down to the spiky tail. He looks at his drinking cup. It's got a T-rex on it, and a splashy Jurassic Park logo.

There are a stack of folded amusement park-style maps on the table in front of Grant. He picks one up. Boldly, across the top, it says "Fly United to Jurassic Park!"

HAMMOND
(on tape)
-- from combined revenue streams for all three parks should reach twenty billion dollars a year --

HAMMOND
(to Gennaro)
That's conservative, of course. There's no reason to speculate wildly.

GENNARO
I've never been a rich man. I hear it's nice. Is it nice?

Ian Malcolm, who has been watching the screens with outright contempt, SNORTS, as if he's finally had enough.

MALCOLM
The lack of humility before nature that has been displayed here staggers me.

They all turn and look at him.

GENNARO
Thank you, Dr. Malcolm, but I think things are a little different than you and I had feared.

MALCOLM
Yes, they are. They're far worse.

GENNARO
Wait a minute, it's hardly appropriate to start hurling generalizations before --

HAMMOND
No, Donald, let him talk. I want to hear all viewpoints. I truly do.

MALCOLM
Don't you see the danger inherent in what you've done? Genetic power is the most awesome force this planet has ever seen, but you wield it like a child that's found his father's gun.

GENNARO
I've heard about enough of this.

MALCOLM
Not nearly enough, obviously. The problem with the scientific power you've used is it required no discipline to attain it. You simply read what others had done and took the next step. You could stand on the shoulders of geniuses, scientific giants like Einstein to accomplish something very quickly, and before you even knew what you had, you patented it, packaged it, slapped it on a plastic lunchbox, and sold it.

HAMMOND
This attack is so unwarranted. Can't you take any pleasure in our accomplishments? Our scientists have done things no one could ever do before.

MALCOLM
Your scientists were so preoccupied with whether or not they could that they didn't stop to think if they should. Science can create pesticides, but it can't tell us not to use them. Science can make a nuclear reactor, but it can't tell us not to build it!

HAMMOND
This is no nuclear reactor, this is nature! Why not give an extinct species a second chance?! Condors are on the verge of extinction -- if I'd recreated a flock of them on the island, you wouldn't be saying any of this!

MALCOLM
Hold on -- this is no species that was obliterated by deforestation or the building of a dam. Dinosaurs had their shot. Nature selected them for extinction.

HAMMOND
You're completely overlooking our discoveries --

MALCOLM
What's so great about discovery? It's a violent, penetrative act that scars what it explores. What you call discovery I call the rape of the natural world!

GENNARO
Please -- let's hear something from the others -- Dr. Grant?

He turns to Grant, who looks shell-shocked. He speaks quietly, really thrown by all of this.

GRANT
I feel -- elated and -- frightened and --
(starts over)
The world has just changed so radically. We're all running to catch up. I don't want to draw conclusions yet but --

He leans forward, a look of true concern on his face.

GRANT (cont.)
Dinosaurs and man -- two species separated by sixty-five million years of evolution -- have been suddenly thrown back into the mix together. How can we have the faintest idea what to expect?

INT VISITOR'S CENTER LOBBY DAY

HAMMOND, GRANT, ELLIE, MALCOLM, and GENNARO walk out of the restaurant and into the lobby of the visitor's center. They pass under the skeletons of the dinosaurs again.

HAMMOND
I'm disappointed, Dr. Grant. I certainly hope you and Dr. Sattler won't let Dr. Malcolm's well-phrased alarmism find its way into your endorsement.

He shakes his head.

HAMMOND (cont.)
I can't believe it. I picked you two to come down here and defend me against these guys, and the only one I've got on my side is the bloodsucking lawyer!?

GENNARO
Thank you.

From outside, a horn HONKS.

HAMMOND
Ah -- the others are here.

GRANT
What others?

HAMMOND
You three are going to have a little company out in the park. Maybe it'll have a civilizing influence on you.

GRANT
What kind of company?

Hammond turns toward the door of the center, drops to his knees, and throws his arms out expansively.

HAMMOND
(bellowing)
KIDS!!

Two kids standing in the doorway to the center break into broad smiles. TIM, the boy, is about nine years old; ALEXIS, his sister, looks around twelve.

TIM & ALEXIS
Grandpa!

They race across the lobby and into Hammond's arms. He holds them tight and speaks softly, just for them to hear.

HAMMOND
It's okay now. I can make everything okay.

GRANT
Uh -- they're coming with us?

CUT TO:

31 EXT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY 31

Two modified Ford Explorers leap up out of an underground garage beneath the visitor's center. They move quietly, with a faint electronic HUM, and straddle a partially buried metal rail in the middle of the road. They pull to a stop where the group is gathered.

ELLIE is off to the side with ALEXIS, introducing herself warmly. HAMMOND is with MALCOLM and GRANT, GENNARO is already in the first car.

HAMMOND
Have a heart, gentlemen. Their parents are getting a divorce and they need the diversion.

GENNARO
Hey! There's no steering wheel!

HAMMOND
They're electric cars, guided by a cable in the roadway! Totally non-polluting, top of the line! Spared no expense. Have fun. I'll be watching you from control.

He turns and heads back toward the visitor's center.

MALCOLM
(too eagerly)
I'll ride with Dr. Sattler.

He turns and walks over to Ellie. Grant frowns, not liking this one bit. He moves to follow him, but notices TIM staring up at him, wide-eyed.

TIM
I read your book.

GRANT
Oh. That's, uh -- great.

As Tim is now standing next to the lead car, Grant turns and heads for the rear car. Tim follows.

TIM
You really think dinosaurs turned into birds? And that's where all the dinosaurs went?

GRANT
Well, uh, a few species -- may have evolved, uh -- along those lines --

Grant opens the door of the rear car and climbs in. A mechanical voice intones from inside:

VOICE
"Two to four passengers to a car, please. Children under ten must be accompanied by an adult."

Tim is right behind Grant, so Grant keeps moving, across the back seat of the car and out the other door.

Malcolm watches this, amused.

As Grant rounds the front of the car --

-- he practically steps over Tim, who has gotten out and cut him off.

TIM
'Cause they sure don't look like birds to me. I heard a meteor hit the earth and that's how come they stopped.

GRANT
Which car were you planning on --

Tim just shrugs. Grant goes to the front car again, opens the rear door, and holds it for Tim, who climbs in the back seat.

TIM
But my teacher told me about this other book? By a guy named Bakker or something? And he said --

SLAM! Grant closes the car door on Tim. He turns and heads for the rear vehicle --

-- and bumps right into Lex.

LEX
(points at Ellie)
She said I should ride with you because it would be good for you.

Grant looks over at Ellie, annoyed.

GRANT
She's a deeply neurotic woman.

CUT TO:

32 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 32

The Jurassic Park control room looks like mission control for a space launch, with several computer terminals and dozens of video screens that display images of various dinosaurs, taken from all over the park. There's a large glass map of the island at the front of the room that is lit up like a Christmas tree with various colored lights, each one with a number and identification code next to it.

But the place is unfinished, with unattached cables and construction materials and ladders scattered about. The mood among the half dozen TECHNICIANS present is chaotic as they rush around with last-minute adjustments.

HAMMOND whisks in through the double doors and goes straight to the main console, where JOHN ARNOLD, mid-forties, thin and pale, a chronic worrier and chain-smoker, is seated. A TECHNICIAN is nearby, working with Arnold, his back turned.

ARNOLD
Starting tour program -- now.

He punches a button on his console.

ARNOLD (cont.)
(not exactly comforting)
Hold your breath.

CUT TO:

33 EXT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY 33

With a loud CHUNK, the Explorers start forward along the electrical pathway. GENNARO, TIM, and ALEXIS are in the front vehicle; GRANT, ELLIE and MALCOLM in the rear.

33A EXT MAIN GATES DAY 33A

They pass through two enormous, primitive gates, torches blazing on either side. The gates swallow the cars, ushering them into the dark, verdant jungle world beyond.

Into Jurassic Park.

34 INT JURASSIC PARK DAY 34

IN THE REAR CAR,

The Explorer's speakers BLARE with a fanfare of trumpets, and the interior video screens flash "Welcome to Jurassic Park." A familiar VOICE comes over the speakers:

VOICE (o.s.)
Welcome to Jurassic Park. You are now entering the lost world of the prehistoric past, a world of mighty creatures long gone from the face of the earth, which you are privileged to see for the first time.

ELLIE
Is that -- James Earl Jones?

MALCOLM
(imitating Hammond)
"Spared no expense."

IN THE LEAD CAR,

GENNARO is messing with the complex video display, punching buttons randomly.

GENNARO
What's wrong with this thing? There's no sound!

LEX
It's a CD-ROM. You have to switch to "analog."

She pushes his hand away and touches a button. The VOICE picks up in the middle.

TIM
Lex is a computer nerd.

LEX
I'm a hacker.

TIM
Okay, Nerd.

IN THE PARK,

throughout the park, the fences and retaining walls are covered with greenery and growth, to heighten the illusion of moving through a jungle.

The cars come to a halt on top of a low rise, where a break in the foliage gives them a view down a sloping field that is broken by a river. The tour voice continues.

VOICE (o.s.)
If you look to the right, you may catch a glimpse of the first dinosaur on our tour, called a dilophosaur.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

TIM and LEX practically SLAM up against the windows, to get a look.

IN THE REAR CAR,

GRANT, MALCOLM and ELLIE do the same.

DOWN NEAR THE RIVER,

there's a field, and a lot of beautiful plants, but no sign of a dinosaur. The tour voice continues anyway.

VOICE (o.s.)
One of the earliest carnivores, we now know Dilophosaurus is actually poisonous, spitting its venom at its prey, causing blindness and eventually paralysis, allowing the carnivore to eat at its leisure. Dilophosaurus is a beautiful, but deadly addition to Jurassic Park.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

TIM
There's nothing there!

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant and the others sit back, disappointed.

GRANT
Damn.

ON THE ROAD,

the cars move on. As they roll past, we notice the headlights are on, even in the daytime.

CUT TO:

35 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 35

JOHN ARNOLD watches his computer screen and the video monitors at the same time, keeping an eye on the cars as they move through the park. HAMMOND hovers over his shoulder.

ARNOLD
Vehicle headlights are on and don't respond. Those shouldn't be running off the car batteries.

He sighs and reaches for a clipboard hanging next to his chair, to jot this down.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Item one fifty-one on today's glitch list. We've got all the problems of a major theme park and a major zoo, and the computer's not even on its feet yet.

Hammond sighs and turns to the TECHNICIAN to his left, who still has his back to them, watching a Costa Rican game show on one of his monitors and drinking a Jolt cola.

HAMMOND
(sighs)
Dennis, our lives are in your hands and you have butterfingers.

The Technician turns around in his chair and extends his arms in a Christlike pose. As we get a good look at him, we get the sinking feeling that we've seen him somewhere before. And we have. DENNIS NEDRY is the man who accepted a suitcase full of cash in San Jose.

NEDRY
I am totally unappreciated in my time.
(pointing to Arnold)
He can run the whole park from that chair, unassisted, for up to three days. You think that kind of automation is easy? Or cheap? You know anybody who can network eight Connection Machines and de-bug two million lines of code for what I bid this job? 'Cause I'd sure as hell like to see them try.

HAMMOND
I'm sorry about your financial problems. I really am. But they are your problems.

NEDRY
You're right, John. You're absolutely right. Everything's my problem.

ARNOLD
Dennis -- the headlights.

NEDRY
I will run a de-bug on the tour program when they get back. Okay? Okay? It'll eat a lot of memory, a few systems may go off line for a while --

HAMMOND
Quiet, both of you. They're coming to the tyrannosaur paddock.

CUT TO:

36 EXT TYRANNOSAUR PADDOCK DAY 36

The two Explorers have stopped at the edge of a large, open plain that is separated from the road by a fifteen foot fence, clearly marked with "DANGER!" signs and ominous-looking electrical posts.

TIM, LEX, and GENNARO are pressed forward against the windows, eyes wide, waiting for you-know-who.

IN THE REAR CAR,

The voice on the radio drones on, but GRANT, ELLIE and MALCOLM aren't even listening any more, dying of anticipation.

VOICE (o.s.)
The mighty tyrannosaurs arose late in dinosaur history. Dinosaurs ruled the earth for a hundred and twenty million years, but it wasn't until the last --

GRANT
Turn that off, will you?

Ellie flips a switch and they wait in silence. She gets impatient. She flicks another switch on the dashboard and picks up the radio microphone.

ELLIE
Where is he?

37 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 37

JOHN ARNOLD picks up a radio mike on his console.

ARNOLD
It can be a little shy.

38 EXT PARK DAY 38

IN THE REAR CAR,

While ELLIE and GRANT watch, MALCOLM thinks aloud.

MALCOLM
God creates dinosaurs. God destroys dinosaurs. God creates man. Man destroys God. Man creates dinosaurs.

He looks at Ellie for a reaction. She seems impressed. Grant does not.

ARNOLD (o.s.)
Hold on, we'll try to tempt the rex.

IN THE PADDOCK,

there is a low HUMMING sound. Out in the middle of the field, a small cage rises up into view, lifted on hydraulics from underground. The cage bars slide down, leaving the cage's occupant standing alone in the middle of the field.

It's a goat, one leg chained to a stake. It looks around, confused, and BLEATS plaintively.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

LEX and TIM look at the goat with widely different reactions.

LEX
What's going to happen to the goat? He's going to eat the goat?!

TIM
(in heaven)
Excellent.

GENNARO
(to Lex)
What's the matter, kid, you never had lamb chops?

LEX
I <u>happen</u> to be a vegetarian.

IN THE REAR CAR,

GRANT
(shakes his head)
T-rex doesn't want to be fed, he wants to <u>hunt</u>. You can't just suppress sixty-five million years of instinct.

IN THE PADDOCK,

the goat waits. And waits. From the Explorers, six faces watch it expectantly.

The goat tugs on its chain. It walks back and forth, nervous. It BLEATS.

IN THE REAR CAR,

Grant watches, his eyes glued, his breathing becoming a little more rapid.

IN THE FRONT CAR,

Tim and Lex can't tear their eyes away.

IN THE PADDOCK,

finally, the goat --

-- lays down.

IN THE REAR CAR,

everyone sits back, disappointed again, as the cars pull forward to continue the tour. Malcolm picks up the microphone.

MALCOLM
Now, eventually you do plan to have dinosaurs on your dinosaur tour, right?

39 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 39

HAMMOND just shakes his head as Malcolm's voice comes through.

HAMMOND
I really hate that guy.

ARNOLD picks up the microphone.

ARNOLD
Sorry. You'll have another chance. At the end of the tour we turn the cars around, so you'll pass this paddock again.

40 EXT PARK DAY 40

GRANT is really suffering, trapped in the car, seeing nothing. He looks out the opposite windows longingly while MALCOLM rattles on to ELLIE.

MALCOLM
You see? The tyrannosaur obeys no set patterns or park schedules. That's the essence of Chaos.

ELLIE
You know, I still don't think I'm clear on Chaos.

MALCOLM
It simply deals with unpredictability. Say you hit a pool ball, and it caroms off the sides of the table. You think you can predict the path of the ball far into the future --

Looking out the opposite window, Grant sees some movement at the far end of a field. He sits bolt upright, fascinated, trying to get a better look.

MALCOLM (cont.)
But tiny variations -- imperfections in the ball, in the surface of the table, even dust in the air -- soon start to make a difference. The ball's path changes, and your careful calculations go right out the window. That's unpredictability, and even if we haven't seen it yet, I'm quite sure it's going on in this park.

Grant jerks on the door handle -- it pulls, but won't open the door. He BANGS it, frustrated.

MALCOLM (cont.)
(more seductively now)
Life's a lot like that, isn't it? You meet someone you never expected, and the course of your whole future changes. It's dynamic -- it's exciting --

Grant rolls his window down, reaches over it, and grabs the exterior door handle. He tugs it, and the door pops open an inch. He doesn't even hesitate. He throws the door open and bolts out of the moving car.

MALCOLM (cont.)
See?! I'm right again! No one could have predicted Dr. Grant would suddenly jump out of a moving vehicle!

ELLIE
Alan?

She throws her door open too and follows him into the field.

MALCOLM
There's another example!

IN THE FRONT CAR,

TIM
Hey! I want to go with them!

IN THE REAR CAR,

MALCOLM
See? Here I am now, by myself, talking to myself --

Too much?

41 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 41

HAMMOND and ARNOLD stare at a video monitor incredulously as everyone now pours out of the cars and follows Grant down the hill. The cars roll on slowly, empty, their doors hanging open.

ARNOLD
Uh -- Mr. Hammond --

HAMMOND
Stop the program! Stop the program!

ACROSS THE ROOM,

DENNIS NEDRY sneeks a peek at a video monitor. It shows an image of a steel door, plainly marked -- "EMBRYONIC COLD STORAGE. RESTRICTED!"

He looks to another monitor, which is labelled "EAST DOCK." The monitor shows a supply ship, moored at the dock. Its cargo is being unloaded and a large group of WORKERS is filing aboard.

Nedry holds something in his hands, under the counter, where no one can see it. It's a can of shaving cream.

CUT TO:

42 EXT PARK DAY 42

GRANT, ELLIE, GENNARO, MALCOLM, and the KIDS are out in the open field, heading toward a small stand of trees. Tim is so excited he can hardly keep his feet on the ground. He dogs Grant's footsteps.

TIM
So like I was saying, there's this other book by a guy named Bakker? And he said dinosaurs died of a bunch of diseases? He definitely didn't say they turned into birds.

Gennaro looks up at the sky, which is starting to darken early in the day.

GENNARO
Uh -- isn't this dangerous?!

TIM
And his book was a lot fatter than yours.

GRANT
If it were dangerous there'd be a fence.

Tim rushes ahead of the group, fearless. Lex stumbles, and Grant takes her hand, to stop her from falling. She looks up at him and smiles.

Grant smiles back and tries to recover his hand, but Lex holds tight. He's massively uncomfortable.

Suddenly, they all stop in their tracks. A huge smile spreads across the faces of both Tim and Grant.

GRANT & TIM
Cool.

It's a triceratops, a big one, lying on its side, blocking the light at the end of the path. It has an enormous curved shell that flanks its head, two big horns over its eyes, and a third on the end of its nose. It doesn't move, just breathes, loud and raspy, blowing up little clouds of dust with every exhalation.

LEX
I'm scared!

TIM
You're scared of everything.

VOICE (o.s.)
Hi!

GERRY HARDING, fiftyish, comes out from behind the beast.

HARDING (cont.)
It's okay, you can approach. Muldoon tranquilized her for me. She's sick.

Grant goes over to the T-tops. Its tongue, dark purple, droops limply from its mouth.

GRANT
Ellie, look at this.

ELLIE
(coming over)
Microvesicles. That's interesting.

She scratches the tongue with her fingernail. A clear liquid leaks from the broken blisters.

ELLIE (cont.)
What are her symptoms?

HARDING
Imbalance, disorientation, labored breathing. Seems to happen about every six weeks or so.

ELLIE
May I?

She takes the penlight from the veterinarian and shines it in the animal's eyes.

Tim, fascinated, wanders all the way around to the back of the animal.

ELLIE (cont.)
You have pupillary effects from the tranquilizer?

HARDING
Yes, miotic, pupils should be constricted.

ELLIE
But these pupils are dilated.

HARDING
They are?
(checks it out)
I'll be damned.

ELLIE
That's pharmacological. From local plant life, one would think.

She turns and studies the surrounding landscape. Her mind's really at work, puzzling over each piece of foliage.

ELLIE (cont.)
(pointing)
Is that West Indian lilac?

HARDING
Yes. We know they're toxic, but the animals don't eat them.

ELLIE
You're sure?

HARDING
Pretty sure.

ELLIE
There's one way to be positive.

CUT TO:

42A INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 42A

NEDRY stares at his video monitor, watching the boat. He's on the phone with the MATE, whose image he can also see on the monitor.

MATE
These seas are getting a little rough, and we're not well-berthed here without a storm barrier! We may have to leave as soon as the last of the workers is aboard.

NEDRY
(low voice)
No. Stick to the plan. When the tour cars get back at seven o'clock.

CUT TO:

42B EXT FIELD DAY 42B

As the weather grows darker, ELLIE, GRANT, HARDING, and MALCOLM are grouped around an enormous spoor of triceratops excreta that stands at least waist-high.

MALCOLM
That is one big pile of shit.

Ellie has plastic gloves on that reach up to her elbows, and is just withdrawing her hand from the middle of the dung.

ELLIE
(to Harding)
You're right. There's no trace of lilac berries. It's odd, though. The animal shows all the classic signs of Melia toxicity.
(thinking aloud)
Every six weeks --

She turns and walks out into the open field a few paces, thinking. Malcolm watches her, and looks back at the dung.

MALCOLM
(to Grant)
She's, uh -- tenacious.

GRANT
You have no idea.

CUT TO:

43 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 43

DENNIS NEDRY is busily and surreptitiously typing a series of commands into his console. On his screen, a cartoon hand winds up a cartoon clock, moving its second hand up to the twelve. The clock rotates around to face us.

It has a large green dollar sign in the middle. A big word appears on screen, an option surrounded by a forbidding red box. "EXECUTE"

CUT TO:

44 EXT PARK DAY 44

The skies are really foreboding now, and there's a sense of growing urgency. TIM is a short distance away from the group, behind the animal, next to a small pile of rocks. He's looking at them curiously, rubbing one between his fingers.

GRANT and ELLIE argue with GENNARO, rather heatedly, in the background.

ELLIE
Because there's a huge, unnatural generational chasm between these plants and your dinosaurs! Of course the plant life is incompatible with their digestive systems. It's literally killing them.

GENNARO
Okay, so we'll remove the plants! That's why we brought you here! Why are you making such an issue out of this?

LEX
Don't fight, you guys.

GRANT
Because it's not just the plant life. This isn't their world any more. Everything about the planet is different. The air, the water, the solar radiation, even the oxygen content. Listen to the poor animal wheezing -- she's like a human being at ten thousand feet!

TIM
Um -- I think these rocks mean something --

GENNARO
This is an unwarranted attack. You're grasping at straws, you're jumping on Malcolm's bandwagon.

MALCOLM
Perhaps we're seeing the Malcolm Effect. This is all predicted by Chaos.

GENNARO
Is anything not predicted by Chaos?

LEX
Don't fight, you guys!

As the others don't seem to notice Lex is upset, Ellie goes to her and puts an arm around her shoulders.

GENNARO
May I remind you you have yet to prove the animal even did ingest the berries --

TIM
I think these are important!

ELLIE
(to Lex)
We're not really mad at each other. This is just how we do our work.

GENNARO
Dr. Harding -- didn't you say the animal would be sick all the time if it were eating the berries, not just every six weeks?

ELLIE
I admit, the periodicity's hard to explain.

TIM
I'VE SEEN PICTURES OF THESE!

Grant stops and looks at him, annoyed.

GRANT
Where?

TIM
(a little timid)
In your book.

Grant and Ellie look at each other, then hurry over to where Tim is. They bend down and look at the pile of rocks. A light goes on in Grant's eyes.

GRANT
Gizzard stones!

ELLIE
That's how it ingests the poison berries without eating them!

TIM
How?

GRANT
Some animals, like birds, that don't have teeth, swallow rocks and keep them in a muscular sack in their stomachs called a gizzard, to help them mash their food. After a while -- say, every six weeks, the rocks get worn smooth, so the animal regurgitates them and swallows fresh ones. And when she does, she swallows the poison berries too. And gets sick.

BOOM! The ground all around them shakes, as if from a small earthquake. The Triceratops has stamped its leg and is lifting it up to do it again.

HARDING
The tranquilizer's wearing off.

THUNDER rumbles as the storm overhead is about to bust loose.

GENNARO
Let's get moving.

ELLIE
I'd like to stay with Dr. Harding and look at any of the others that are sick. As many as we have time for.

HARDING
I've got a gas-powered jeep. You can give me a ride to the boat when we're done and drive yourself back.

ELLIE
Fine. Why don't you go on ahead, Alan?

GRANT
Okay.

He turns and follows the others, Lex right in his tracks. Ellie and Harding go back to the triceratops, which is starting to come back to life.

As Grant and the others reach the stand of trees, Grant turns back for one last look at Ellie. He raises his hand to wave, but she is turned the other way. Feeling silly, he drops his hand and goes into the woods. Just as he does, Ellie turns and waves to him, but with his back turned, he misses it too.

In this way, they say goodbye.

The first drops of rain fall. It's going to be a hell of a storm.

CUT TO:

45 OMITTED 45

46 EXT PARK DUSK 46

It's near dark now. Lightning flashes zip across the sky, the THUNDER almost simultaneous with them. The wind has whipped up, and the trees are swaying like crazy.

CUT TO:

47 INT CONTROL ROOM DUSK 47

The clock on the wall says 6:35. HAMMOND is with JOHN ARNOLD, staring at the video screens.

HAMMOND
That thunder's right on top of us.

ARNOLD
The cars are at the end of the loop; they'll be on their way back in a minute.

ACROSS THE ROOM,

DENNIS NEDRY, sweat forming on his upper lip now, is staring at his video monitor. The supply boat is still docked on the island shore, but is now being buffetted by heavy waves. Nedry whispers sharply into the phone, arguing with the MATE of the ship again, whom he can see on the video monitor.

MATE
There's nothing I can do! If the Captain says we gotta go, we gotta go!

NEDRY
Give me fifteen minutes!

MATE
No promises!

NEDRY
I'll be there in ten!

He SLAMS the phone down, a little louder than he intended.

Arnold SNAPS a button on his console with particular relish.

ARNOLD
Visitor vehicles are on their way back to the garage.
(sits back, relieved)
How about that? Our first official tour, and barely a hitch.

He sits back in his chair. Hammond looks at him incredulously.

HAMMOND
John! Your back! It's -- it's leaning against the backrest! Does this -- could it mean -- are you actually relaxing?!

ARNOLD
Well, for once I think maybe we can.

Dennis Nedry stands up. He's shaking in his shoes, but trying like hell to be casual.

NEDRY
Anybody want a Coke?

Hammond and Arnold shake their heads. Nedry starts for the door, then turns back with an afterthought that is so rehearsed it's almost obvious.

NEDRY (cont.)
Oh, I'm running a de-bug for eighteen minutes. One or two minor systems may switch on and off.

They nod absently. Nedry turns, reaches up to his screen, and selects the option surrounded by the forbidding red box.

"EXECUTE."

As he does, he presses the start button on a digital stopwatch he holds in his hand. A digital clock on the computer screen starts to tick down from sixty seconds, and a musical clock starts to sound too -- something like the "Jeopardy" theme.

CUT TO:

48 EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT 48

Night has completely fallen now, and the rain has started. It's a tropical storm, the rain falling in drenching sheets on the roofs and hoods of the Explorers, which are making their way slowly back to the visitor's center.

IN THE REAR CAR,

GRANT and MALCOLM are alone. Grant is staring out the window, lost in his thoughts.

GRANT
You got any kids?

MALCOLM
Me? Oh, hell yes. Three.
(glowing)
I love kids. Anything at all can and does happen.

He takes a flask from his jacket pocket and unscrews the top. His expression darkens.

MALCOLM (cont.)
Same with wives, for that matter.

GRANT
You're married?

MALCOLM
Yes, quite a bit. Always on the lookout for a future ex-Mrs. Malcolm.

CUT TO:

49 INT FERTILIZATION LAB NIGHT 49

DENNIS NEDRY waits outside the silver door marked "EMBRYONIC COLD STORAGE," staring at the digital stopwatch in his hand.

NEDRY
Two -- one --

On cue, the security lock panel goes dark and the door CLUNKS ajar.

IN THE COOLER,

Nedry hurries in and flips open the hatch on the bottom of the shaving cream can, revealing slotted compartments inside. He goes to a rack of dozens of thin glass slides. A sign says "VIABLE EMBRYOS -- HANDLE WITH EXTREME CARE!"

He takes the slides out of the rack one by one. They're labelled -- "STEGOSAURUS," "APATOSAURUS," "TYRANNOSAURUS REX" -- and puts them into the can.

CUT TO:

50 INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT 50

ARNOLD is staring at his terminal, puzzled. On the screen, glowing red and blue lines are blinking off, in succession.

ARNOLD
That's odd.

HAMMOND comes up behind him, as does ROBERT MULDOON.

HAMMOND
What?

ARNOLD
Door security systems are shutting down.

HAMMOND
Well, Nedry said a few systems would go off line, didn't he?

CUT TO:

51 INT CORRIDOR NIGHT 51

NEDRY, checking his watch, clutching the shaving cream can, and really sweating now, races down a hallway and into a stairwell.

52 INT STAIRWELL NIGHT 52

Nedry flies down the stairs and through a door marked "GARAGE."

53 INT GARAGE NIGHT 53

Nedry races over to a gas-powered jeep parked near the door, jumps in, starts it up, and SQUEALS out of the garage.

CUT TO:

53A INT REAR CAR NIGHT 53A

GRANT and MALCOLM still wait in their car. They don't notice, but the video screen in the middle of their front console suddenly goes blank. Malcolm hands Grant the flask, continuing their conversation.

MALCOLM
By the way, Dr. Sattler wouldn't happen to be, uh, available, would --

GRANT
Why?

MALCOLM
Oh, I'm sorry. Are you two, uh --

GRANT
Yes. No.

MALCOLM
Which is it?

The cars jerk to a stop. The lights in the vehicles and along the road go out, plunging them into blackness.

MALCOLM (cont.)
What the hell --

IN THE FRONT CAR,

GENNARO
-- is going on?

TIM
(excited)
Blackout!

CUT TO:

54 EXT JURASSIC PARK NIGHT 54

Nedry's jeep is stopped at the giant gates that lead into Jurassic Park. NEDRY is at the control panel on the side of one of the cement supports. He FLICKS a switch and the gates CLICK unlocked.

He jumps back in the car and noses it into the gates, shoving them open far enough to drive through.

He ROARS into the park grounds.

CUT TO:

55 INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT 55

JOHN ARNOLD stares at his terminal, aghast, as row upon row of colored lights crawls off on his screen.

ARNOLD
Woah woah woah what the hell what the hell?!

HAMMOND
What now?

ARNOLD
Fences are failing, all over the park! A few minor systems, he said!

HAMMOND
(to Muldoon, pissed)
Find Nedry! Check the vending machines.

Muldoon heads for the door just as all the video monitors in the control room go out with a faint electronic ZIP. The three of them freeze for a moment, looking at each other. The tension in the room goes up a notch.

HAMMOND
(to Arnold)
Use Nedry's terminal. Get it all back on, he can de-bug later.

Arnold pushes off on the floor and whizzes over to Nedry's master terminal in his chair. With one stroke of his arm, he brushes all the loose junk off of Nedry's station -- junk food, soda cans, torn out magazine pages -- and tries to work. The "Jeopardy"-type music is playing a little faster now.

Muldoon steps forward.

MULDOON
The raptor fences aren't out, are they?

ARNOLD
(checks)
No, they're still on.

MULDOON
Something's up. This is intentional. He knew better than to mess with the raptor fences.

HAMMOND
Why the hell would he turn the others off?!

CUT TO:

56 EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT 56

A wire mesh fence in front of us has a very clear sign:

DANGER! ELECTRIFIED FENCE!
This Door Cannot Be Opened
When Fence is Armed!

A hand reaches out, grabs the fence by the bare wire, flips a latch, and shoves the door open. No sparks fly.

DENNIS NEDRY runs from the fence back to his jeep, drops it in gear, and tears off down the park road. The rain is absolutely flowing down now, and the road is rapidly turning to mud.

IN THE JEEP,

Nedry can barely see through the windshield. He's driving as fast as possible, checking his watch every few seconds.

He leans forward, squinting to see through the windshield, wiping off the condensation with his free hand. Ahead, he comes to a fork in the road. He jumps on the brakes.

NEDRY
Shit!

He grabs a map off the passenger seat and consults it quickly. Although he doesn't look too convinced, he drops the car in gear and heads off to the left.

CUT TO:

57 INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT 57

HAMMOND and MULDOON still hover over ARNOLD's shoulder while he works at Nedry's terminal. Arnold MUTTERS to himself as he tries another command.

ARNOLD
-- access main program grid --

He punches a button, but a BUZZER sounds and a little cartoon image of Nedry appears on the screen and waves its finger disapprovingly.

CARTOON NEDRY
"You didn't say the magic word!"

ARNOLD
(livid)
Please, God damn it! I hate this hacker crap!

He SMACKS the top of the monitor, furious. The game show music plays still faster.

HAMMOND
Call Nedry's people in Cambridge!

Arnold whisks across the floor in his chair and snatches up the nearest phone. He punches for an outside line.

ARNOLD
Phones are out too.

MULDOON
Where did the vehicles stop?

CUT TO:

58 EXT TYRANNOSAUR PADDOCK NIGHT 58

BAAAA! The goat that was brought up from underground earlier is still tethered in the same place, BLEATING plaintively in the pouring rain.

The two Explorers sit, dead still, in the middle of the road. The rain pours down. A man's form races back from the front car to the rear car.

IN THE REAR CAR,

GRANT, soaking wet, gets back into the car and closes the door behind him. MALCOLM turns to him.

GRANT
Their radio's out too. Gennaro said to sit tight.

MALCOLM
The kids okay?

GRANT
I didn't ask. Why wouldn't they be?

MALCOLM
Kids get scared.

GRANT
What's to be scared about? Just a little hiccup in the power.

MALCOLM
I didn't say I was scared.

He turns and looks out at the driving rain, and the fence that stands between them and the tyrannosaur paddock. He is scared.

59 IN THE FRONT CAR, 59

GENNARO, LEX, and TIM wait, bored. The rain drums on the roof monotonously. Tim is upside down in the front seat, his head dangling in the passenger well.

TIM
I got stuck upside down on the Cyclone for almost an hour once.

GENNARO
(to himself)
I can't believe I invited Malcolm.

TIM
People were gettin' bloody noses -- aneurisms --

LEX
(a little dreamy)
I think Mr. Grant is really -- smart.

GENNARO
Now he'll write a bunch of papers, go on Oprah, say we're irresponsible --

LEX
Beards used to scare me when I was little. But I think that's really juvenile.

Tim finds something under the seat and sits up abruptly, holding what looks like a heavy-duty pair of safety goggles.

TIM
Cool! What're these?!

GENNARO
If they're heavy, they're expensive. Put them down.

He leans back and closes his eyes. Tim ignores him and puts on the goggles. Lex, in back, sits back and drapes her legs over the front seat, BANGING them against it.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

She looks out her window and sees the goat, still stuck out in the rain.

LEX
Poor thing.

Tim pops up in front of her, wearing the goggles.

TIM
BOO!

LEX
Timmy.

He climbs into the back seat and stares out the back window of the Explorer, into the night. He reaches up and adjusts the focus on the goggles, turning two large rings on the fronts of the lenses.

Through the goggles, Tim can clearly see the Explorer with Grant and Malcolm in it behind them. The image is a bright fluorescent green.

TIM
Wow! Night-vision!

As Tim watches, the door of the rear Explorer opens and a hand reaches out, holding an empty canteen out to catch some rain water.

60 IN THE REAR CAR, 60

Grant pulls the canteen back in, closes the door, and takes a drink. He and Malcolm wait.

61 IN THE FRONT CAR, 61

While Tim stares out the windows with the goggles, Lex keeps BANGING her legs against the seat.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

TIM
Did you feel that?

They don't answer. Tim reaches forward and stills Lex's kicking legs. He jumps back into the front seat.

GENNARO
(jostled)
Hey.

Tim pulls off the goggles and looks at two clear plastic cups of water that sit in recessed holes on the dashboard. As he watches, the water in the glasses vibrates, making concentric circles --

-- then it stops --

-- and then it vibrates again. Rhythmically.

Like from footsteps.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

Gennaro's eyes snap open as he feels it too. He looks up at the rear view mirror. There is a security pass hanging from it that is bouncing slightly, swaying from side to side.

As Gennaro watches, his image bounces too, vibrating in the rear view mirror.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

GENNARO
(not entirely convinced)
M-Maybe it's the power trying to come back on.

Tim jumps into the back seat and puts the goggles on again. He turns and looks out the side window. He can see the area where the goat is tethered. Or <u>was</u> tethered. The chain is still there, but the goat is gone.

<u>BANG</u>!

They all jump, and Lex SCREAMS as something hits the plexiglass sunroof of the Explorer, hard. They look up. It's a disembodied goat leg.

GENNARO (cont.)
Oh, Jesus. Jesus.

Tim whips around to look out the side window again. His mouth pops open, but no sound comes out.

Through the goggles, he sees an animal claw, a huge one, gripping the cables of the "electrified" fence.

Tim whips the goggles off and presses forward, against the window. He looks up, up, then cranes his head back further, to look out the sunroof. Past the goat's leg, he can see --

-- Tyrannosaurus rex. It stands maybe twenty-five feet high, forty feet long from nose to tail, with an enormous, boxlike head that must be five feet long by itself. The remains of the goat are hanging out of the rex's mouth. It tilts its head back and swallows the animal in one big gulp.

Gennaro can't even speak. His hand claws for the door handle, he shoulders it open, and takes off, out of the car.

LEX
(freaking out)
He left us! He left us alone!

62 ON THE ROAD, 62

Gennaro runs away, as fast as he can, right past the second car, toward a cement block house twenty or thirty yards away.

He reaches it, ducks inside, and pulls the door after him --

-- but there's no latch, just a round hole in the unfinished door. Gennaro backs into a corner, frantic.

63 IN THE REAR CAR, 63

Grant and Malcolm are turned in the direction Gennaro went.

GRANT
What the hell is he doing?

Malcolm looks the other way, out the passenger window. As he watches, the fence begins to buckle, its posts collapsing into themselves, the wires SNAPPING free.

MALCOLM
What the --

Grant now turns and watches as, ahead of them, the "DANGER!" sign SMACKS down on the hood of the first Explorer. Now the entire fence is coming down, the posts collapsing, the cables SNAPPING as --

-- the T-rex chews its way through the barrier.

They watch in horror as the T-rex steps over the ruined barrier and into the middle of the park road. It just stands there for a moment, swinging its head from one vehicle to the other.

64 IN THE FRONT CAR, 64

Tim leaps into the front and pulls the driver's door shut. The rex strides around to that side of the car and peers down, from high above.

Both kids are terrified, breathing hard, unable to speak.

65 IN THE REAR CAR, 65

MALCOLM
Boy, do I hate being right all the time.

The T-rex turns and strides quickly back toward them. It circles, slowly, bending over to look in at them through the window.

Grant and Malcolm sit trembling in the front seat, watching as the giant legs stride past their windows.

GRANT
(a quivery whisper)
Don't move -- don't move --

Malcolm freezes as the rex bends down and peers right in through his window. The dinosaur's giant, yellowing eye is only slightly smaller than the entire pane of glass.

The T-rex pulls away slightly, then reaches down and BUMPS the windshield with its snout. The glass spiderwebs.

66 IN THE FRONT CAR, 66

Lex is rummaging around in the glove compartment, looking for something, anything. She finds a flashlight.

TIM
Lex, don't --

67 ON THE ROAD, 67

the front car lights up from within as Lex switches on the flashlight.

The dinosaur raises its head. It turns slowly from the second car to the first car, drawn by the light. Making a decision, it strides over to the first vehicle. Fast.

68 IN THE FRONT CAR, 68

Tim and Lex have managed to turn the flashlight off, but they can only stare out the windows as the T-rex reaches their car and starts to circle it.

LEX
I'm sorry -- I'm sorry --

TIM
Shhhhh!

The T-rex bends down and looks in through the front windshield of the car, then the side window. Tim is eye to eye with the thing for a second, then the dinosaur raises its head up, above the car. The Kids look up, through the sunroof, as the head goes higher, and higher, and higher, and then the rex turns, looks straight down at them through the sunroof, opens its mouth wide and --

-- ROARS.

The windows RATTLE, Lex SCREAMS, the flashlight goes on again, and the tyrannosaur strikes.

SMASH! The thing's head hits the plastic sunroof, knocking the whole frame right out of the roof of the car and down into the vehicle. The bubble falls down onto Tim and Lex, trapping them, and the animal lunges down, through the hole, SNAPPING at them.

The plexiglass holds, though, and protects Tim and Lex even as it pins them to the seats. The T-rex continues to push down, and the glass GROANS, crack lines racing across it.

Tim, whose feet were caught above him, pushes back, only an inch of glass between him and the dinosaur's teeth.

69 IN THE REAR CAR, 69

Grant and Malcolm watch in horror as the dinosaur claws at the side of the vehicle with one of its powerful hind legs.

It pushes, starting to tip the car over.

70 IN THE FRONT CAR, 70

the glass windows SHATTER, the Kids are thrown to the side, and the Explorer tilts.

The rex bends down and nudges the car with its head, rolling it up on its side. Tim and Lex tumble around.

71 ON THE ROAD, 71

the T-rex starts to nudge the Explorer toward the barrier. Over the barrier, there is a gentle terraced area at one side where the rex emerged from, but the car isn't next to that, it's next to a sharp precipice, representing a fifty or sixty foot drop.

The car, upside down now, is pushed near the edge.

The rex towers over the car. Like a dog, it puts one foot on the chassis and tears at the undercarriage with its jaws. Biting at anything it can get hold of, it rips the rear axle free, tosses it aside, and bites into a tire.

The tire EXPLODES, startling the animal.

72 INSIDE THE CAR, 72

Tim and Lex are trapped inside the rapidly flattening car. As the frame continues to buckle, they crawl toward the open rear window, the car collapsing behind them. Mud and rain water pour into what little space there is left.

Tim is ahead, nearing the back window, when there is a CRUNCH and a seat comes down, pinning him.

73 ON THE ROAD, 73

the dinosaur backs up, dragging the Explorer, swinging it left and right. It seems ready to fling it over the edge.

Grant gets out of his car. He's holding a flare in one hand, which he pulls the top off of. Bright flames shoot out the end of it.

GRANT
Hey! Over here! <u>HEY</u>!

The T-rex turns and looks at him. Grant tosses the flare over the edge of the barrier. The rex watches the flare --

-- and lunges after it.

Malcolm sees his opportunity. He leaps out of the car and takes off down the road, running for his life to the cement block house Gennaro went into earlier.

The T-rex sees the movement. It whirls, and takes off after Malcolm, fast. Its tail SNAPS around and CRACKS into Grant, who was trying like hell to get out of the way. He's sent flying, and lands near the first vehicle.

Malcolm runs as fast as he can, approaching the cement house just steps ahead of the T-rex.

But not far enough ahead. Without even slowing down, the rex leans down, picks Malcolm up in its mouth, and flings him over the other edge of the barrier.

The rex doesn't go after him. Instead, it continues forward, through the front of the cement house.

74 IN THE CEMENT HOUSE, 74

Gennaro, who cowers in a corner, SCREAMS as the head of the T-rex EXPLODES through the front of the building, sending chunks of cement flying in all directions inside. The roof collapses; Gennaro protects himself from the falling junk.

75 ON THE ROAD, 75

Grant gets to his feet and watches as the T-rex noses around in the rubble. It seems to find something, and Grant can hear Gennaro SCREAMING, the sound piercing --

-- and then the screaming stops, abruptly. The T-rex squats over the building, rooting around in the wreckage, occasionally straightening up to swallow.

Grant scrambles over to the car. He lays on the ground, looks inside, and sees Lex staring up at him, conscious, her face covered in mud.

Grant reaches in and drags her out.

GRANT
Your brother?!

LEX
He's knocked out!

GRANT
Are you okay?

Lex, staring over his shoulder, SCREAMS. Grant whirls, covering her mouth at the same time.

GRANT (cont.)
(a whisper)
Shhh! He can't see us if we don't move!

Lex looks at him like he's crazy, but freezes. They wait.

BOOM! A big T-rex foot smacks down in front of them as the dinosaur approaches the car again. It draws up, leans down, right past them, and SNIFFS the car, ragged bits of flesh and clothing hanging from its teeth.

Not finding anything, the dinosaur swings its head away, SNORTING loudly through its nose. Grant's hat flies off his head. Still, he doesn't move.

The rex walks to the back of the car. It bends down.

WHAP! The car spins as it is pushed from behind by the rex. Grant and Lex are pushed in front of it, helpless. They scramble around on their knees, trying to keep ahead of the car, which the rex is now pushing even closer to the edge of the barrier.

Grant and Lex crawl quickly, but the car is moving faster, catching up to them.

76 INSIDE THE CAR, 76

Tim awakens and SCREAMS. He tries to untangle himself.

77 ON THE ROAD, 77

the T-rex looms over Lex and Grant, who are trapped between the car and the sixty foot drop.

78 INSIDE THE CAR, 78

the rex bends down and sees Tim. Tim backs away, furiously, but there's almost no room to move in here. The rex opens its mouth, wide, and stretches its tongue into the car.

Tim screams and kicks as the tongue tries to wrap around him. But it fails, and withdraws from the car.

79 ON THE ROAD, 79

the T-rex ROARS in frustration. It bends down for one final lunge at the car.

Grant sees it coming. He grabs Lex and puts her on his back.

GRANT
Hang on!

She wraps her arms around his neck. He scrambles to the edge of the barrier, grabs one of the dangling fence cables, and <u>starts to climb down</u>!

The cable is slick with rain, and it's all Grant can do to hang on as he and Lex slide rapidly down. Above them, the vehicle is now teetering over the edge, threatening to drop right on top of them if they don't hurry.

Grant GASPS, as Lex has unwittingly started to choke him as she holds on for dear life.

The car GROANS, nearly over the edge now. Grant looks to the side. There are other cables, out of the line of the car's impending drop. His feet scrambling along the concrete wall, Grant tries to swing over toward one.

But he falls short. His momentum carries them back, the other way, and then on the second swing, he manages to grab hold of the second cable.

The car falls. Lex and Grant are clear by inches, clinging to the second cable.

LEX
Timmy!

The car CRUNCHES into the leafy top of a tree, resting on its roof some fifteen feet below them.

Lex and Grant look back up, above them. The T-rex stares down at them, but they are safely out of its reach.

It ROARS once more, in a final fit of frustration, turns --

-- and walks away.

CUT TO:

80 EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT 80

As the rain continues to pour down, a gas-powered jeep ROARS down another park road.

81 INT JEEP NIGHT 81

DENNIS NEDRY drives the jeep, as fast as he can in the treacherous conditions. He MUTTERS to himself, shaking his head.

NEDRY
Shoulda been there by now -- shoulda been there --

He hauls it around a corner and looks down, checking his watch. When he looks back up, his eyes go wide.

<u>There's a cement wall</u>, right in front of him. He SHOUTS and stands on the brakes, as hard as he can.

The jeep fishtails, skidding out of control in the mud toward the wall. Nedry hauls the wheel hard to the side to try to control the skid, but the jeep skids off the road, going halfway over a muddied embankment.

NEDRY (cont.)
God <u>damn</u> it!

He drops the car in reverse and hits the gas.

The wheels spin, sending mud flying everywhere, but the jeep goes nowhere, just digs in further.

Nedry can't believe it. He POUNDS the dashboard in fury, but stops suddenly when he sees something.

Through the windshield, he spots another park road, down the sloping embankment, about twenty feet below. There is a large sign alongside the road.

Nedry leans forward excitedly and rubs the condensation off the window to get a better look at the sign. It reads "TO EAST DOCK."

NEDRY (cont.)
All right!

He cautiously drops the jeep in forward and hits the gas. But she ain't goin' nowhere.

Nedry makes a decision. He opens the glove compartment and takes out a flashlight and the shaving cream can. He shoves the can in his jacket pocket and gets out of the jeep.

ON THE HILLSIDE,

Nedry CRANKS a winch from its coil on the front end of the jeep.

NEDRY
(mumbling)
Winch this sucker off the thing -- tie it to a thing -- pull it down the thing --

He slips and slides down the muddy embankment, across the road below, and goes to a sturdy-looking tree on the other side.

From the distance, there is a soft HOOTING sound. Nedry flashes the light around him in a few directions, looking for the source of it. He doesn't find it. He checks his watch and goes back to what he was doing, but faster.

NEDRY (cont.)
Two minutes, no problem -- pop this thing right down --

The HOOTING comes again and Nedry looks up, getting rattled. He freezes, noticing something in the distance.

It's called a dilophosaur. It stands only about four feet high, is spotted like an owl, and has a brilliant colored crest that flanks its head. It doesn't look very dangerous.

NEDRY (cont.)
Oh. Uh -- nice boy. Nice boy.
Okay. Run along.

He secures the winch and starts across the road, back up the embankment. The dilophosaur hops along behind him like a kangaroo. It circles around and pops up next to him, HOOTING playfully.

NEDRY (cont.)
Go on! Go home! Dinner time!
Are you hungry? They'll feed you!
Go on, boy. Girl, whatever.

The dilophosaur just stares at Nedry, tilting its head curiously. Nedry looks around on the ground and finds a stick. He throws it as far as he can.

NEDRY (cont.)
Fetch!

The dilophosaur gets into the spirit of the game, but not the object. It hops around, ducking around a tree and popping out on the other side, HOOTING.

NEDRY (cont.)
What's the matter with you?

He shakes his head and continues up the embankment, MUTTERING to himself.

NEDRY (cont.)
Walnut brain -- extinct kangaroo --
hope I run you over on the way down --

He's near the top when the dilophosaur suddenly hops out right in front of him, startling him. Nedry loses his balance and falls back, on his rear.

He gets to his feet, angry.

NEDRY (cont.)
I said --

He picks up a rock and chucks it at the thing.

NEDRY (cont.)
-- <u>beat</u> it!

The rock hits the dinosaur and it HOOTS a few times, its feelings hurt. It hops out of the way.

Nedry reaches the top of the embankment and goes to the winch, turning the crank to tighten it. The slack in the cable is taken up.

The HOOT comes again, from about twenty feet away. Nedry looks up.

The dilophosaur is staring at him from halfway up the embankment. As Nedry watches, the animal rears its head back and snaps it forward sharply.

NEDRY (cont.)
What are you do --

SPLAT! A big gob of something wet SMACKS into the middle of Nedry's chest. He reaches down and touches the goo that's dribbling down his jacket.

NEDRY (cont.)
That's disgusting!

SPLAT! Another gob of goo SMACKS into the headlight, right next to Nedry's head. He stands up. A look of confusion crosses his face. He lifts up his right hand, the one that he touched the spit with, and looks at it strangely, flexing it.

Now the dilophosaur HISSES. The brightly colored fan around its neck flares wildly, two bulbous sacks on either side of its neck inflate, it rears its head back again --

-- and it spits.

POW! This time the lugie hits Nedry right smack in the face. He SCREAMS and rubs it away, frantically.

But it hurts. Like hell. Nedry falls back, clawing at his eyes, in excruciating pain. He pulls his hands away and gets to his feet, starting to hyperventilate. He flails his arms in front of him, blinking a mile a minute, but blinded.

He staggers forward, to try to get into the jeep. He gets the door open, but SMACKS his head on the door frame and collapses.

The dilophosaur sits where it is on the embankment. It HOOTS.

Nedry gets to his feet again and staggers in the general direction of the jeep. He reaches the open door and feels his way in. He SLAMS the door, holding his eyes in pain, crying.

There is another HOOT.

From inside the jeep. Nedry turns and SCREAMS. The dilophosaur is right there, in the passenger seat. It HISSES louder than ever, its crest fans angrily, shaking, vibrating, reaching a crescendo --

-- and the thing pounces, SLAMMING Nedry back against the driver's window, SHATTERING it. The shaving cream can flies out of Nedry's jacket pocket --

-- and lands in the mud on the hillside. As Nedry SHRIEKS, the rain and mud wash over the can, already starting to bury it.

CUT TO:

82 INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT 82

JOHN ARNOLD's cigarette is practically burning his lips, down to almost nothing in his mouth. He hovers over Nedry's computer terminal, which is a mass of incomprehensible commands that scroll by quickly as he futilely examines each one of them. The game show theme is really racing now.

ELLIE has just returned and is staring at him, amazed.

ELLIE
How long has it been?!

ARNOLD
Twenty-three minutes.

HAMMOND
Could you please get that music off?!

Muldoon hops off the desk he was sitting on and picks up his hat.

MULDOON
Let's go get 'em. We'll take the gas jeep Dr. Sattler just brought back.

ELLIE
I'm going with you.

CUT TO:

83 EXT PARK GROUNDS NIGHT 83

The rain has all but stopped now. GRANT and LEX are at the bottom of the large barrier leading up to the park road. Like it or not, they're in the park now, and are surrounded by thick jungle foliage on all sides. They're both beaten up, and Grant's face is covered in blood.

He's bent over a big puddle, splashing water on his face, rinsing the blood off and trying to bring himself to.

Poor Lex is scared as hell. She stands behind Grant, ramrod straight, her breath coming in short, desperate GASPS. Her eyes are wide, and she doesn't look like she can move.

As Grant gets rid of the blood, his injury doesn't look so bad, but there is a deep gash on his forehead. He presses a leaf against it to stop the bleeding.

He turns and looks up to the tree the Explorer fell in. It's stuck there, nose down in the top of the tree.

Lex's GASPS are getting louder. She's terrified.

GRANT
Hey, come on, don't -- don't -- don't -- just -- just --

He touches her, but it's awfully awkward, more of a pat on the head than anything strong or reassured.

But she responds to the contact, hurling herself forward and throwing her arms tightly around his waist. She clamps there, holding on for dear life, SOBBING.

GRANT (cont.)
Lex, you gotta be quiet, please. Stop it. Shhhhh.

This seems to quiet Lex.

GRANT (cont.)
Because if we make too much noise, he could hear us and come back.

Lex busts out crying again, a WAILING scream, nearly hysterical now. Grant holds her, no idea what to do. He turns and looks around.

GRANT (cont.)
(a whispered shout)
Timmy?! Timmy!

He hears a CRACKING sound. He looks up to the tree again. The Explorer has fallen a few feet lower into the branches.

Grant looks down at Lex, stuck around his waist with no intention of going anywhere. He tries to pry one of her hands off, but she starts to WAIL again.

LEX
Dad -- Dad --

GRANT
Shhh -- I'm right here, Lex. I'll take care of you.

He looks around. A few yards away, there is a large drain pipe that sticks out of the sheer face of the barrier wall. He walks over to it, Lex clinging to him.

GRANT (cont.)
I have to go help your brother. I want you to sit in here and wait for me.

LEX
He left us! He left us!

GRANT
But that's not what I'm going to do. Okay?

All at once, she lets go and scampers into the drain pipe.

84 EXT TREE NIGHT 84

Grant takes a deep breath, grabs hold of the first branch, and starts his long climb. Fortunately, it's a good climbing tree, its branches thick and regularly spaced.

Grant moves at a good pace. He reaches the car's level, on the driver's side five or six feet to one side of it.

The car's in rough shape, much thinner than it used to be, its nose completely smashed in, the front wheels driven solidly into a thick branch. They are what hold it in place.

Grant comes up to the car and reaches out for the driver's door handle. The door swings open with a CREAK and Grant sticks his head in.

TIM is huddled on the floor on the passenger side, frightened, hugging his knees to his chest. He looks up at Grant with a tear and blood-streaked face, both his eyes blackened from the impact. His voice is barely audible.

TIM
I threw up.

GRANT
That's okay. Give me your hand.

Tim doesn't move.

GRANT (cont.)
I won't tell anybody you threw up. Just give me your hand, okay?

He reaches out. Tim reaches too, but they're still about a foot apart. Grant grabs hold of the steering wheel, to pull himself further in. The wheel turns.

On the branch, the front wheels turn, losing a bit of their grip on the thick branch they're resting on.

Tim and Grant grab hands, but just as they do, there is a loud series of SNAPS from outside and the car tumbles, shifting dramatically toward Grant's side before coming to a rest again.

Tim SCREAMS and falls into Grant, but Grant holds on to him, getting an arm securely around his waist. They practically fall out the driver's door, just as the whole car starts to sway again, above them now. Little branches POP like firecrackers all around them as the car shifts and settles into its new location.

Grant breathes a sigh of relief.

GRANT
You know the first rule of climbing a tree?

Tim shakes his head no.

GRANT (cont.)
Don't look down. Just climb. Nice and slow.

Grant looks down, Tim looks up, and they start to climb down the tree. It goes okay for a few feet, but then Grant hears Tim SCREAM.

GRANT (cont.)
Tim! I told you never to look --

He looks up and sees what Tim saw. <u>It's the car</u>, GROANING forward on the branch that's barely holding it in place. The whole thing sags toward them, threatening to break free at any second.

GRANT (cont.)
Look down, Tim, look down! <u>GO</u>!

They climb down, as fast as they can, as the big branch that is supporting the car CREAKS, ready to give way any second.

GRANT (cont.)
Faster! Faster!

It breaks. Disintegrates, really, and the car falls, straight at them. Grant and Tim let go of the branch they're on and fall, THUDDING into another branch a few feet down. The car SMACKS into the big branch they just vacated, and stops there.

Grant and Tim are half climbing, half falling down the tree now, slipping on the resin-covered branches, just trying like hell to get out of the way.

CREEEE-POW! The second branch breaks, and now the car SMASHES and CRASHES through a network of thinner branches, headed right for them. It hits open space and goes into freefall.

Grant turns, he SHOUTS, he puts up his arms in defense --

-- and the car stops, SLAMMING into a thick branch just above him. One of the headlights, still on and fading to a dull orange now, POPS, showering glass over Grant, who manages to protect Tim from it.

Grant looks up, eyeball to eyeball with the front grill, drops of oil falling on his forehead.

The new branch starts to CREAK.

Grant and Tim basically fall down the rest of the tree, the car BASHING its way through right behind them. They jump the last six or seven feet and hit the ground, hard. Grant grabs Tim and rolls with him, to the side, just as the car SMASHES into the earth, nose first, standing upright that way.

They look up in relief, but the damn thing's <u>still</u> heading for them, now tipping over, falling straight at them.

Grant rolls again, taking Tim with him, as the car noses over and CRASHES all the way down, flat on its roof.

CUT TO:

85 EXT CULVERT NIGHT 85

TIM and LEX are now both in the culvert, shaking, terrified. Lex is slowly BANGING her head against the wall.

GRANT is at the mouth of the culvert, pacing, carefully studying the rinky-dink map of the park he picked up during the slide show.

GRANT
Okay -- okay --

He's trying to get his bearings from the crude, cartoon-like drawings on the map, but it's tough. He looks up, picking a direction, and shoves the map in his pocket decisively. He looks back at the kids.

GRANT (cont.)
Well, if you guys aren't coming out, I guess I'll just go back to the visitor's center by myself. Maybe get something to eat --

LEX
You said you wouldn't leave us!

TIM
Lex is scared.

LEX
(of Grant)
He's a liar! He said he wouldn't leave!

GRANT
I'm trying to use psychology to get you out of the culvert!

Both kids just stare at him like he's nuts. He calms his tone.

GRANT (cont.)
We're just going to walk back home. Together. But we can't walk back on the road. There are fences on either side, and if the rex is between us and the lodge, we'd -- have problems. He's probably staked out the road as a feeding range, which means this whole paddock is empty. It's safe. So we'll go back through here. What do you say?

He's spoken calmly and confidently, so the kids have crawled out of the culvert and now stand next to him.

GRANT (cont.)
Ready?

They nod, and he starts off in the direction he indicated. They trail behind him.

GRANT (cont.)
Might be a little slow, but it can't be more than three or four miles. I'd hoped the rex might be done feeding by now, but let's not kid ourselves, a carnivore can eat up to 25% of its body weight in one sitting, so he's probably just ready to move on to the main course and --

He stops in the middle of his sentence, noticing he's alone. He turns around. Both kids have scampered all the way back into the culvert, terrified.

GRANT (cont.)
Good thinking, Alan.

CUT TO:

86 EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT 86

MULDOON and ELLIE race down the park road in an open-topped jeep like the one Nedry took earlier. Neither of them speak, they just stare ahead grimly, wondering what they're about to find.

They round a corner and come to the top of the hill, where the attack took place. The jeep skids to a stop and they jump out.

The road is a rutted, muddy mess. The cement block house is a pile of rubble. One of the Explorers is gone, the other one stands untouched, both doors hanging open.

ELLIE
Oh, no. Oh, God no.

She runs to the Explorer. Muldoon runs to the wreckage of the cement house.

AT THE EXPLORER,

Ellie leans in and looks around. Nobody there.

AT THE CEMENT HOUSE,

Muldoon bends down in the middle of the wreckage, looking at something. He pushes his hat back and swallows.

ELLIE
Did you find any --

She runs up and stops, far off to his right.

ELLIE (cont.)
Aw, God.

MULDOON
I think this was Gennaro.

ELLIE
I think this was too.

But they're standing about twenty yards apart, and looking in different directions. Ellie turns away and bends over, hands on her knees. She breathes hard, trying to keep from retching.

Faintly, down the road in the other direction, they hear the ROAR of the T-rex. They both straighten up, now frightened as well as sickened, and come together on the road.

ELLIE (cont.)
The rex is ahead of us now.

MULDOON
(nods)
It could be anywhere. With the fences out, it can go in and out of any paddock it wants.

They hear a MOANING sound from over at the side of the road. They both rush over to it.

AT THE EMBANKMENT,

IAN MALCOLM lies on his back, semi-conscious among some palm fronds.

MULDOON
It's Malcolm!

He shines his light along the length of Malcolm's body. His shirt is soaked with blood, large patches of it in a curve across the middle of his chest. His right leg is worse off. His belt is twisted around his right thigh, and further down the right ankle is bent outward at a strange angle from the leg. The trousers are flattened, soaked with blood.

ELLIE
He's put a tourniquet on.

She bends down and pulls his shirt up. There is a semi-circle of tooth marks across his torso, where the T-rex held him in its jaws.

Malcolm GROANS as she touches him, groggy.

MALCOLM
Remind me to thank John for a lovely weekend.

The T-rex ROAR comes again. But closer now.

MULDOON
We'll have to chance moving him.

Ellie nods. They move to opposite sides of Malcolm's body and lift him, as carefully as possible. They carry him slowly over to the jeep.

MALCOLM
(through GASPS of pain)
Now I'm almost certain -- that extinct animals -- should be left that way.

They lay him in the back of the jeep. Ellie turns and looks back at the empty road. She's on the verge of tears, but is fighting them back. Muldoon puts a hand on her shoulder.

MULDOON
I've seen a lot of animal attacks, Ellie. People just disappear. No blood, no trace. That's how it happens.

She shrugs his arm off her shoulder violently. She walks to the edge of the road, looking at the deep ruts the Explorer made when it went over the edge.

ELLIE
The other jeep!

87 EXT CLEARING NIGHT 87

Ellie's flashlight beam sprays light on the inside of the wrecked Explorer. ELLIE is on her stomach, peering inside, looking for anything. MULDOON is behind her, looking nervous. The T-rex ROARS again, closer still.

MULDOON
Uh, Ellie --

Ellie ignores him, desperately searching the ground for any sign of Grant.

88 EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT 88

MALCOLM, laid out in the back of the jeep, feels something strange. He looks down, at one of the T-rex footprints in the road. It's filled with water.

The water in the puddle vibrates rhythmically.

Malcolm's eyes widen. He looks around, frantically.

BOOM. BOOM. BOOM.

MALCOLM
Uh -- anybody? Anybody hear that?

89 EXT CLEARING NIGHT 89

ELLIE is still looking around, to MULDOON's chagrin. Her flashlight falls on three sets of footprints in the mud.

ELLIE
Look!

With her flashlight, she follows the trail the footprints made. They lead into the jungle and disappear.

90 EXT PARK ROAD NIGHT 90

MALCOLM's staring, wide-eyed, at the rings in the water, which are getting bigger now.

MALCOLM
It's a -- an impact tremor is what it is, it, uh --

BOOM. BOOM.

MALCOLM (cont.)
I'm fairly alarmed here!

ELLIE and MULDOON come up over the embankment, excited, and get in the jeep, Ellie in the driver's seat.

MULDOON
Once the motion sensors come back on we'll know exactly where they are! We can just go out there and --

MALCOLM
SHUT UP AND <u>LISTEN</u>!

They stop talking. The BOOMING is louder now, and faster. Much faster. They look back, over their shoulders.

ELLIE
Oh God.

The tyrannosaur SMASHES out of the jungle foliage, bursts onto the road, and <u>runs straight at them</u>, moving at least thirty miles an hour.

MALCOLM
GOGOGOGOGOGOGOGO!

Ellie fumbles for the keys, turns the jeep over, and SLAMS it into gear. She drops the clutch, hits the gas, and tears ass out of there.

But the jeep is slow to work through the first few gears. Terrified, Ellie dares to look down, to the side view mirror, which tells her "Objects Are Closer Than They Appear."

And they sure are. The T-rex is still gaining on the slowly accelerating jeep. All three of them stare back at the rex in terror --

-- which means they don't see the half-fallen tree branch right in front of them, blocking the path of the road. Muldoon looks back first, SHOUTS, and they all duck.

The windshield hits the branch and SHATTERS as the jeep flies ahead, really picking up speed now.

The T-rex just runs right through the branch, SMASHING it entirely. Losing ground now, the dinosaur makes a final lunge for the jeep and CRUNCHES into the left rear quarter panel.

They're bounced around pretty badly. Malcolm is knocked into the front, and in so doing knocks the gear shift into neutral.

The engine RACES, the T-rex closes in again --

-- but Ellie SLAMS it back into gear and guns it. The T-rex gives up, fading into the distance.

They drive in silence for a while, all scared out of their wits.

MALCOLM
Think they'll have that on the tour?

CUT TO:

91 EXT PARK GROUNDS NIGHT 91

GRANT, LEX, and TIM make their way through Jurassic Park. There's no path for them to follow, so the going is a little slow.

Tim sees a motion sensor, sitting blindly on top of its pole in the middle of the jungle. He runs over and waves his arms at it madly.

TIM
Hey! We're here! We're here!

GRANT
Won't work, Tim. If the power's still off, the motion sensors are too. What's that one say on the bottom?

TIM
(reading)
TS-03.

Grant looks at the map again, checking their position.

GRANT
And the last one was TS-04. Which means we're heading north. Which is good.
(pause, at the map)
I think.

Tim rejoins them and they walk on. Lex has a firm grip on Grant's hand, and marches in step with him, but Tim stays a few yards to the side, keeping up. He stumbles as they come to a large root system they have to climb over.

GRANT (cont.)
You want to hold my hand?

Tim shakes his head no and makes his way determinedly over the root system by himself.

LEX
He'll never hold anybody's hand. Timmy <u>is</u> a dinosaur. A jerkosaurus.

TIM
Straight-A Brainiac!

LEX
Dorkatops!

GRANT
Could you guys possibly cool that for a --

Far in the distance, there is another ROAR. Grant hears it, but tries not to show it.

LEX
What was that?

GRANT
I didn't hear anything.

They keep walking, but now Grant is looking around, for a safe place to hide. He looks up, to the towering trees around them.

GRANT (cont.)
You both look pretty tired. I think we should find someplace to rest.

He hears another ROAR.

GRANT (cont.)
Now.

92 EXT TREE NIGHT 92

LEX, TIM, and GRANT climb. Grant is behind, watching the other two, giving them a push up when they need it.

TIM
I hate trees!

GRANT
Me too, Tim.

Now near the top of the tree, the three of them sit there, dangling their legs, looking out over the park.

It's an incredible view. They can see in all directions, and with the full moon, there's a lot of detail. Most striking of all are dozens of sauropod heads, at the end of long necks, that tower over the park.

TIM
Those are apatosaurs!

GRANT
They sure are. We must be in the the sauropod paddock now.

Grant finds a solid web of branches and settles himself in it, leaning back against the trunk of the tree, with a little room on either side of him. Lex nestles up next to him on the branch. Grant is surprised, but accepts it.

Tim climbs off to the side, to a nook in the branches of his own. He puts the night-vision goggles on and looks around, enchanted. Silent for a moment, the three can hear the HOOTS of the animals as they call. Some are almost musical.

GRANT (cont.)
Listen! They're singing!

He smiles, fascinated. He HOOTS himself, trying to imitate one of the calls. Immediately, five or six of the heads turn in their direction and HOOT back.

LEX
Don't do that again! Don't get the monsters over here!

GRANT
They're not monsters, Lex. Just animals. And these are herbivores.

TIM
That means they only eat vegetables.

LEX
(clarifying)
So the veggiesauruses are good and the meatsauruses are bad. Okay.

There is a long pause as the three of them just stare out at the park, each lost in their own thoughts. Lex puts her head on Grant's shoulder.

LEX (cont.)
Are you and Dr. Sattler married?

Tim immediately covers his ears.

TIM
Pteradactyl, Allosaurus, Iguanodon, Oviraptor, Segnosaurus --

LEX
(rolls her eyes)
Timmy always talks about dinosaurs to change the subject.

GRANT
That's okay. So do I.

LEX
So? Are you?

GRANT
That's currently in negotiation.

LEX
You mean she's mad at you.

GRANT
Why don't you two try to get some sleep?

LEX
We can't! What if the dinosaurs come while we're all asleep?

GRANT
I'll stay awake.

LEX
(skeptical)
All night?

GRANT
All night.

He shifts, getting comfortable, but something in his pocket pinches him. He winces and digs it out. It's the velociraptor claw he unearthed so long ago in Montana.

Yesterday, actually. He looks at it, thinking a million thoughts, staring at this thing that used to be so priceless.

TIM
What are you gonna do now if you don't have to dig up dinosaur bones any more?

GRANT
I don't know. I guess I'll have to -- evolve.

He just lets the claw fall to the ground. Tim settles in on his branch, getting more comfortable.

TIM
I'm going to have to think about this turning-into-birds business.
(yawns)
What do you call a blind dinosaur?

GRANT
What?

TIM
A Do-you-think-he-saurus. What do you call a blind dinosaur's dog?

GRANT
You got me.

TIM
A Do-you-think-he-saurus Rex.

Grant laughs. Both kids finally close their eyes, but after a moment, Lex pops hers open again, checking to make sure Grant is still awake.

LEX
(a warning)
All night.

GRANT
I'll be right here. I promise.

CUT TO:

93 INT VISITOR'S CENTER NIGHT 93

It's very late, coming up on very early. The moon is just setting, but at the moment its light still shines through the open ceiling of the visitor's center, illuminating the giant skeletons in the lobby. There's scaffolding and a large Condor crane next to the skeletons, which still aren't finished.

ELLIE stares up at the T-rex, lost in deepest thought. She hasn't slept in a long time, and doesn't look like she could if she tried.

She wanders down the corridor idly. She passes an open doorway. She pauses, as there's a flickering light inside the room. She goes in.

94 INT RESTAURANT NIGHT 94

ELLIE comes into the darkened restaurant, following the source of the flickering light. A candle burns at a table in the corner.

JOHN HAMMOND sits at the table, alone. There is a bucket of ice cream in the middle, and he's eating a dish of it, staring down morosely.

Ellie draws up to the table. He looks up at her. His eyes are puffy, his hair is messed up -- he's the most subdued we've ever seen him.

HAMMOND
It was all melting.

Ellie just nods. He slides an extra spoon across the table to her. She picks it up, pulls the bucket over to her side of the table, and starts eating.

ELLIE
Malcolm's okay for the moment. I gave him a shot of morphine.

Hammond doesn't respond. They eat in silence for a few moments. A tear runs down Ellie's cheek; she reaches up and brushes it away impatiently.

Hammond notices. He reaches out and puts his hand over hers. He pats it, reassuringly.

HAMMOND
They'll all be fine. Who better to get the children through Jurassic Park than a dinosaur expert?

Ellie just nods. Another pause. Hammond breaks it again.

HAMMOND (cont.)
You know, this park's really made for children. The children of the world love dinosaurs, and they're going to delight -- just delight -- in this place. Did I tell you we're planning a little play area, too, where the children can pet and hold the smaller animals before they go out into the park.

Ellie just looks at him, not sure what his state is. He leans forward to her.

HAMMOND (cont.)
Do you want to know a secret? This is the first business enterprise I've ever undertaken almost entirely for someone <u>else</u>. Oh, I'll make money, sure, but that doesn't mean much to me. Not anymore. I did it for the <u>kids</u>. To watch their faces shine with the joy of seeing the animals they so love.

ELLIE
(softly)
People are <u>dying</u>, John.

There is a long pause. Hammond avoids her gaze. Ellie reaches out and takes the whole bucket of ice cream, sinking her spoon into it. She eats. So does Hammond.

Finally:

ELLIE (cont.)
It's good.

HAMMOND
Spared no expense.

CUT TO:

95 INT CONTROL ROOM NIGHT 95

JOHN ARNOLD, looking a wreck, sits at the computer terminal, the only one in the control room now. He doggedly sorts through the computer system's lines of code. One. By one. By one. They BLIP by, reflected in his glasses.

MULDOON comes in with a couple of cans of Coke and gives one to Arnold.

MULDOON
Any luck?

ARNOLD
(shakes his head)
Nedry's a paranoid schmuck. Every time I get near whatever logic bomb he dropped in the system I hit another booby trap and --

The computer suddenly plays a FUNERAL DIRGE and the screen wipes clear, returning Arnold to the main menu. He wipes his face, letting his glasses just drop. Muldoon pats him on the back.

Arnold picks his glasses up, puts them back on --

-- and starts over.

CUT TO:

96 EXT PARK DAWN 96

The sun comes up over Jurassic Park. The danger of the night before is overcome by the sheer beauty of the place -- it really is like the Serengeti Plain.

Over at one edge of a great open field, a huge tree marks the border between the open area and the thick of the jungle.

UP IN THE TREE,

GRANT, TIM, and LEX are asleep in the branches of the tree, both kids now curled up under Grant's arms.

A heavy shadow falls over all three of them, blocking out the sun entirely. Grant awakens, only a little bit asleep, as --

-- a brachiosaur's head pushes into the tree branches, right up beside them. It hesitates there for a second, seemingly staring at them. Grant just watches as it opens its mouth, very wide, and CHOMPS down on a branch over their heads.

The kids awaken with a start. Tim points, Lex opens her mouth to scream, but nothing comes out.

GRANT
(quietly)
It's okay! It's okay! It's a brachiosaur!

LEX
Go away!

TIM
Veggiesaurus, Lex, veggiesaurus!

But Lex isn't taking any chances and scrambles back, away from its mouth. Tim and Grant come together on the branch, just staring at the dinosaur in wonder as it eats its breakfast.

Tim scampers up to a higher branch and reaches down, petting the brachiosaur's head while it chews. Grant maneuvers in closer. He reaches out and grabs hold of the thing's lip with both hands and pulls it down, revealing the jaw at work. He imitates the animal while he's near it, trying to duplicate its sounds, which seems to have a calming effect.

The dinosaur keeps chewing, not objecting to the inspection.

GRANT
Come on over, Lex! Just think of it as a big cow!

LEX
I like cows --

She tentatively edges forward in the tree, until she is just in front of the brachiosaur's head. She barely touches the thing on the tip of its nose --

-- and it SNEEZES. It's a vast explosion, and Lex falls back against the tree trunk, dripping wet from head to toe. Grant and Tim laugh, but Lex just opens her mouth in shock.

LEX (cont.)
EEEEEEWWWWWWW!

From far off there is a strange ANIMAL CRY. The brachiosaur seems to hear it and walks away, quickly.

96A ON THE GROUND, 96A

Grant and the kids drop out of the tree.

TIM
Oh, <u>great</u>. Now she'll never try <u>anything</u>!

Lex STOMPS off away from them, embarrassed and ticked off.

TIM (cont.)
She'll just sit in her room and never come out and play with her computer --

LEX
(over her shoulder)
I'm a hacker!

TIM
That's what I said, Nerd!

She disappears into the grass.

Tim turns. Grant is still crouching on the ground below the tree where he landed, staring at something in the palm of his hand.

GRANT
Oh, my.

Tim crouches next to him. Grant holds a thin, white fragment in his palm.

GRANT (cont.)
(thinking aloud)
What gives it away is the patterning on the interior surface, the interior curve.

TIM
What?

GRANT
See the raised lines, the triangular shapes? And the size. No curvature, it's almost flat. Big. Very big.

TIM
What's big? What is it?

GRANT
It's a dinosaur egg, Tim.
(finally looking up)
The dinosaurs are breeding.

Noticing something, he rises slowly to his feet. He follows a trail of more tiny white fragments around to the back of the tree. Tim goes with him, and they come around to the back of the tree at the same time. They just stare, in amazement --

-- at a whole clutch of dinosaur eggs. They're all open, empty, and there is a mess of footprints leading away from the nest.

Grant goes to the clutch in amazement and runs his hand lightly over the egg fragments, absolutely astounded.

TIM
But -- my grandpa said all the dinosaurs were girls!

GRANT
Frog DNA!

TIM
What?

GRANT
On the tour -- the film said they used frog DNA to fill in the gene sequence gaps. They mutated the dinosaurs' genetic code, blended it with that of frogs. And some West African frogs have been known to spontaneously change sex from male to female, in a single sex environment. Malcolm was right! Life found a way!

From the tall grass behind the tree, they hear a sudden SHRIEKING sound. They whirl. They see nothing, at first, only hear SCREAMS.

GRANT (cont.)
Lex!

They run to the edge of the grass, about three feet high, that runs along the edge of the wooded area. Lex is visible above the top of the grass. She seems to be floating, scooting along on top of it, SHRIEKING --

-- with delight. She whizzes past them, waving. The grass rustles and bursts apart to reveal Lex is seated happily on top of a baby triceratops, about three feet tall. The baby T-tops skids to a halt in front of the other humans, frightened, and Lex jumps proudly off.

LEX
Stick that up your ass, Tim.

She suddenly sails through the air at least five feet and lands in the dirt. She leaps to her feet, a wounded look on her face, rubbing her butt. She looks back at the animal.

LEX (cont.)
Hey!

Tim laughs, Lex finally does too, but Grant is distracted by the ANIMAL CRY again. It's louder this time.

GRANT
What is that?

He turns around, to face the direction the sound is coming from. He squints. All he can see is a cloud of dust, at the far end of the meadow. The HONKING is even louder now, accompanied by a low RUMBLE.

Grant takes a few steps toward the dust cloud. As he watches, the cloud seems to grow larger, closer, and gradually he can make out shapes in the dust.

Dinosaurs. Dozens of them. All at once, he figures it out.

GRANT
STAMPEDE!

And that's exactly what it is, a stampede of at least forty dinosaurs, Gallimimus by name. Lex is ready to get out of there, but Grant and Tim hesitate, staring.

The dinosaurs kick up a flock of birds, which startles them, and they all change direction at once, the same way.

GRANT (cont.)
Look at the wheeling -- the uniform direction change! Like a flock of birds evading a predator!

Sure enough, they hear a ROAR, the very familiar roar --

-- of Tyrannosaurus rex.

Grant and the kids whirl at the sound, but can't place it, as it seems to come from all around them. They look back toward the stampede. The herd spontaneously changes direction again, and now they're headed straight at them.

The three of them take off, across the meadow, toward the relative cover of the jungle. It's a real footrace, but the herd is far faster, and Grant knows they're not going to make it.

They jump over a huge root network. There's space under it to hide, and Grant stops the kids, shoves them underneath, then follows them. They cover their heads as the herd THUNDERS over the roots.

Chunks of everything fly everywhere as the herd plows overhead, their clawed feet striking the roots dangerously close to Grant and the kids.

Finally, they pass. Grant peers up, over the top root. He looks toward the trees, which the herd is now running alongside.

A ROAR comes from somewhere within the trees. Grant scans the trees, looking for any sign of the T-rex --

-- and then it bursts out, ahead of the herd, cutting them off, throwing them into disarray, scattering them everywhere.

They all stare as the rex kicks it into overdrive, runs down one of the gallimims, and sinks its teeth into its neck. The T-rex makes the kill in a cloud of dust and debris.

Tim and Grant half rise to their feet, absolutely fascinated. Lex gets to her feet, looking in the other direction. She can't believe her eyes. Across the large open area, she can see the unfinished skeleton of the visitor's center, standing on top of a rise. It can't be more than a mile away.

LEX
You guys! I know the way!

But Grant and Tim are transfixed, watching the T-rex.

GRANT
Watch how it eats!

The T-rex pulls up a chunk of flesh and tilts its head to swallow.

TIM
It is like a bird!

LEX
Come on!

GRANT
Bet you'll never look at birds the same way again!

The T-rex pauses in the middle of its meal, to ROAR.

LEX
I'm going! I know the way!

She turns and takes off, running as fast as she can, across the open plain, toward the far-off visitor's center. Tim and Grant tear themselves away and follow her.

CUT TO:

97 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 97

HAMMOND, ELLIE, and MULDOON are gathered around the console of JOHN ARNOLD. MALCOLM is there too, sitting weakly in a chair, his wounds bandaged, but in real pain. They all look like they've been up all night, but Arnold in particular looks like hell.

ARNOLD
Like I said, it's kind of a crazy idea --

ELLIE
Just tell us!

ARNOLD
I don't think I'll ever find the commands Nedry used, he covered his tracks too well. But I got to thinking -- what if I just reset? If I shut down the entire system, his command will be wiped out and everything will come back on in its original start-up mode.

ELLIE
We'd get the phones back?

ARNOLD
Everything.

ELLIE
Then do it! Now!

ARNOLD
Hold on, this is just an idea. I've never done it. Maybe everything will come back on, maybe it won't.

Ellie tries to hold her temper.

ELLIE
Do we have an option?

ARNOLD
Sure. The park has a contingency policy. We can cut off the dinosaurs' lysine supply. They'll go into a coma and die.

MALCOLM
Within seven days, Dr. Wu said?

ARNOLD
Exactly.

MALCOLM
So we'll all be dead in a week, but so will the dinosaurs. What a relief. Your contingency plan has me awash in relief.

Hammond, who has looked increasingly out of it since last night, speaks up. He's timid, unsure of himself for the first time.

HAMMOND
Please, if I might have something to say about that -- surely there's a solution that doesn't involve harming the animals. They're only following instinct, you know, and --

He trails off, noticing he is under the steady and quite accusatory gaze of Ian Malcolm.

ELLIE
We'll decide about that if we ever get the chance.
(to Arnold)
Shut down the system.

Arnold swallows. He gets to his feet. He walks slowly across the room to a red metal box on the wall. He takes a key from his belt, unlocks the door, and opens it.

There is a row of four switches inside. He flips them off, one by one, leaving only a single lever left.

His hand hovers over it.

ARNOLD
You asked for it --

He flips the lever.

ARNOLD (cont.)
-- and you got it.

Every monitor, every terminal, every fluorescent light shuts out, plunging them into near-darkness.

They just sit in eerie stillness for a moment.

ELLIE
(hushed voice)
How long do we have to wait?

ARNOLD
'Bout thirty seconds.

Hammond goes to a large window at the front and cranks open the Venetian blinks with a WHOOSH. A column of light spills into the place. He picks up a chair that has been upended, brushes off the seat, and sits on it.

They wait, in tense silence. Hammond adjusts the wilting silk handkerchief in his breast pocket. He notices Malcolm staring at him again.

HAMMOND
I suppose you don't think very much of me now, do you?

MALCOLM
You're all right, John. You just don't have intelligence. You have "thintelligence." You think narrowly and call it "being focused." You don't see the surround. You don't see the consequences. You're very good at solving problems, at getting answers -- but you just don't know the right questions.

ELLIE
Ian --
(he looks at her)
-- shut up.

Finally, Arnold turns back to the box. He flips the row of safety switches back on again, then hesitates by the main switch.

He throws it.

And nothing happens.

There is a very long pause.

ARNOLD
Uh --

MULDOON
Which of you knows how to handle a gun?

ELLIE
Oh, my God.

Arnold, who can't quite understand this, races over to the main monitor.

ARNOLD
(joyously)
HAH! It's okay! It's okay!

They hurry over to the monitor and crane to look over his shoulder.

ARNOLD (cont.)
Look! See that?! LOOK!

They stare at the monitor, which glows with a faint amber light, the only mechanical thing in the room that's on. The left hand corner of the screen displays two words --

>system ready.

Arnold looks at them, his face triumphant.

ARNOLD (cont.)
It's on! It worked!

Hammond leaps out of the chair.

HAMMOND
Fine work, John, fine work! Get those motion sensors on!
(to Ellie)
We'll bring them in now.

MALCOLM
How exactly do you define "worked?" Everything's still off!

ARNOLD
The shut-down must have tripped the circuit breakers. We just have to turn them back on.

ELLIE
And everything will come back on?

ARNOLD
Mostly, yeah. We'll have to re-boot the phones in here -- but it worked! System ready!

MULDOON
Where are the breakers?

ARNOLD
Out in the maintenance shed. Other end of the compound. Take me three minutes.

MULDOON
Fine. Hurry. I'm moving everyone else into the emergency bunker under Mr. Hammond's quarters.

CUT TO:

98 OMITTED 98

99 EXT HAMMOND'S COMPOUND DAY 99

Large steel gates that lead into Hammond's compound swing open. MULDOON, ELLIE, and HAMMOND hurry through the fence, supporting MALCOLM. Ellie looks up at the fence. The strobe lights are still out.

99A INT BUNKER DAY 99A

A ceiling door in this underground bunker THUDS open, spilling light into the dark space below. MULDOON leads HAMMOND, ELLIE, and MALCOLM inside. The bunker, like most of the rest of the park, is still unfinished, unpainted, a lot of unpacked crates around the floor. They find seats on top of the crates while Muldoon SLAMS the door shut.

There is a long pause while they wait. Finally, Hammond speaks, still feeling the obligations of the host.

HAMMOND
Once the power's back on -- we'll put everything right again. All of us. Together.

ELLIE
Once the power's on, we're evacuating.

HAMMOND
Not necessary. Not necessary. It's -- it's a delay, that's all this is. All major theme parks have had delays. In 1956, when Disneyland opened, nothing worked.

MALCOLM
Yes, John. But if the Pirates of the Caribbean breaks down, the pirates don't eat the tourists.

Again, they wait in silence. Ellie looks at her watch.

ELLIE
If he's not back in two more minutes -- I'll go.

CUT TO:

100 OMITTED 100

101 EXT JUNGLE DAY 101

GRANT, TIM, and LEX scramble through the jungle, completely out of breath, exhausted. Grant practically drags them up the last hill, but they make it, and collapse at the base of the high fence that surrounds the main compound, spent.

CUT TO:

102 INT BUNKER DAY 102

A STEEL CABINET CLANGS

open, revealing an impressive array of weaponry inside.

HAMMOND watches, horrified, while MULDOON removes a huge shotgun and what looks like a small rocket launcher. He RACKS the bolts, checking the chambers.

ELLIE takes a flashlight and walkie-talkie out of an opened crate and shoves it in her belt. She tosses the other radio to MALCOLM, who is getting woozy now, blood seeping through his bandages. He catches it. Ellie points to a stack of blueprints that have been opened and spread out on another crate.

ELLIE
Think you can follow those and talk us through it?

MALCOLM
Give it a shot.

HAMMOND
Please, you can't -- you have to tell me -- what do you intend to do to the animals?

MULDOON
I think the question is -- what do they intend to do to us?

MALCOLM
Be careful.

Muldoon shoves a shell into the barrel of the rocket launcher, which it accepts with a faint electronic SIZZLE.

MULDOON
No shit.

CUT TO:

103 EXT JUNGLE DAY 103

GRANT catches his breath first and sits up. He looks up at the fence. It must be over twenty feet high. He looks at one of the warning lights on the fence. It's out. He picks up a stick and pokes the wire. No sparks fly.

GRANT
Power's still off. It's a pretty big climb, though. You guys think you can make it?

TIM
Nope.

LEX
Way too high.

Far in the distance, the T-rex ROARS. Without a second's delay, both kids leap to their feet. Tim hangs the night-vision goggles, which he's still carrying, over the bottom wire of the fence.

CUT TO:

104 EXT PATH DAY 104

ELLIE and MULDOON step onto the path that leads through the jungle toward the maintenance shed.

The gate CLANGS shut behind them, making them both jump. The main compound feels different now -- it belongs more to the jungle than to civilization.

Muldoon has the big gun in his hands, the other slung over his shoulder. They start off down the path, moving quickly.

104A EXT PATH DAY 104A

MULDOON and ELLIE emerge from one path and come into a slightly more open area. Up ahead, the huge raptor pen stands silently, surrounded and penetrated by jungle, the abandoned goon tower looming over it like a haunted house.

Ellie slows as they approach it, scared.

MULDOON
Keep moving!

Ellie steps it up. But as they draw closer, both of them stop in their tracks, staring silently at the fence that surrounds the pen.

There's a hole in it.

The metal is twisted, as if gnawed, and the hole is large enough for an animal to slip through.

ELLIE
Oh God. Aw, God.

MULDOON
Arnold's shutdown must have turned off all the fences. Damn it!

He squats near the hole, looking at the ground. He sees three sets of footprints. He follows them with his eyes. They head off in different directions, but all end up in the jungle foliage on either side of them.

ELLIE
I can see the shed from here! We can make it if we run!

Muldoon turns his head sharply, as if he heard something. He stands up, very slowly.

MULDOON
No. We can't.

ELLIE
Why not?!

MULDOON
Because we're being hunted. From the bushes to your left.

Ellie turns, very slowly, to face the bushes. At first, she doesn't see anything, but then there's something very faint, like a shifting of the light, and a shadow seems to move in the bush, RUSTLING the leaves.

MULDOON (cont.)
It's all right.

ELLIE
(panicking)
Like hell it is!

Muldoon raises his weapon slowly to his shoulder.

MULDOON
Run, towards the shed. I've got her.

Ellie backs up, down the path, slowly. Muldoon follows behind her, keeping his gun trained on the bushes. The shadow in the bushes moves too, at an even pace with them.

MULDOON (cont.)
Keep going!

Ellie keeps on, towards the shed, but Muldoon stays where he is. The shadow in the bushes slows and stops. Muldoon raises his gun and aims, but can't get a clear shot.

MULDOON (cont.)
One shot -- just one shot --

ZIP! The raptor moves, fast as hell, a few feet backward in the foliage, as if daring Muldoon to come in after her.

He does.

ON THE PATH,

Ellie runs as fast as she possibly can, a real broken-field sprint, hopping over branches, flying across the open areas at top speed. As she nears the maintenance shed, she stumbles and looks down.

She's running in a set of animal tracks.

They head straight for the shed, then veer off to the right at the last second, heading into the swaying, moving jungle.

Ellie doesn't look back. She blasts through the open door of the maintenance shed and SLAMS it behind her.

CUT TO:

104B EXT JUNGLE DAY 104B

A hand comes into the foreground and takes a firm grip on one of the tight fence cables. Another hand follows it, then a third.

GRANT, TIM, and LEX climb the fence, pulling themselves up by the tension wires, crawling right past a "DANGER!" sign that tells them this fence ought to be electrified.

CUT TO:

105 INT HAMMOND'S QUARTERS DAY 105

MALCOLM and HAMMOND hover over a complex diagram of the maintenance shed that's spread out in front of them. Malcolm clutches the radio in his hands, almost praying to it. Finally, it CRACKLES.

ELLIE (o.s.)
I'm in.

106 INT MAINTENANCE SHED DAY 106

ELLIE is at the doorway of the maintenance shed, breathing hard from fear, listening to Malcolm's VOICE on the radio.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Okay -- straight ahead there's what looks like an inclined metal walkway. Go along it.

Ellie does, heading down into the room, shining the flashlight ahead of her. There is a maze of pipes, ducts, and electrical work on both sides of her.

107 EXT JUNGLE DAY 107

GRANT and the KIDS are now near the top of the fence. A warning light, next to Grant's hand, is still out.

108 INT SHED DAY 108

ELLIE moves down the corridor.

MALCOLM (o.s.)
After thirty or forty feet, there's another walkway, going right -- no, that's a duct -- hold on a sec --

Ellie waits, nervous as hell. Only silence from the radio. She looks around. Awfully dark down here.

ELLIE
(into radio)
Well?!

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Sorry, I'm trying to read a schematic. There should be lots of thick white PVC tubing around you, all headed in the same direction.

Ellie looks around. There is.

ELLIE
(into radio)
I see it!

MALCOLM (o.s.)
Good! Then just follow the tubing until it terminates in a big aluminum box with air vents in the sides.

Walking fast, Ellie follows the tubing around a few corners. Finally, she sees just such a box, with a door hanging open on the left side.

ELLIE
(into radio)
Okay -- I'm there.

She pushes the door open even further, revealing a vast array of breakers and switches inside.

ELLIE (cont.)
Which ones do I turn on?

MALCOLM (o.s.)
I don't know -- anything that's off! Isn't there an instruction sheet on the inside of the door?!

Ellie looks on the inside of the door, where a white piece of paper is taped. She shoves the radio in her belt and scans it.

109 EXT JUNGLE DAY 109

GRANT and the KIDS swing over the top of the fence and start their climb down.

110 INT SHED DAY 110

ELLIE's hand moves rapidly, flicking the circuit breakers back on, one by one. She looks back to the door panel.

ELLIE
(reading)
-- "primary engage" --

She looks back to the panel, running her finger over the switches. There is a large, square white button with just those words on it.

She pushes it.

111 EXT JUNGLE DAY 111

A warning light next to GRANT's head flashes once, coming back to life. Grant's eyes go wide. He looks at his hands, which are straddling one of the danger signs. He lets go, dropping the last few feet to the ground.

He looks up at the KIDS, still near the top.

GRANT
Hurry! Both of you!

112 INT SHED DAY 112

ELLIE is back at the instructions.

ELLIE
" -- main connection lever -- "

She looks all the way to the right of the junction box, and sees a long, gray lever.

She reaches for it.

113 INT JUNGLE DAY 113

LEX drops the last few feet off the fence and GRANT catches her. He looks up at TIM, who is still far up -- near the top, in fact, and he has slowed considerably.

GRANT
Come on, Tim!

Grant looks at the warning light, which is now flashing faster.

GRANT (cont.)
MOVE, DAMN IT!

114 INT SHED DAY 114

ELLIE reaches for the gray lever. Her hands lock around it.

She pulls it.

But nothing happens.

ELLIE
Huh.

115 EXT JUNGLE DAY 115

The fence is now starting to HUM slightly. TIM, terrified, has frozen where he is.

GRANT
Tim -- you have to let go!

116 INT SHED DAY 116

ELLIE is back at the door panel, reading the instructions.

ELLIE
" -- and return to ready position."
Okay, I got it.

She closes her hands around the gray bar again.

117 EXT JUNGLE DAY 117

GRANT and LEX are both screaming at TIM.

GRANT
I'll catch you! JUST LET GO!

Tim, regaining himself, starts to climb down.

TIM
I'm okay! I'm going again!

GRANT
NO NO NO IT'S TOO LATE LET GO LET GO LET GO!

118 INT MAINTENANCE SHED DAY 118

ELLIE finally SLAMS the gray lever into place.

119 EXT JUNGLE DAY 119

GRANT and LEX are screaming at TIM now, but he's still climbing down toward them.

TIM
I can make it I --

With a low, loud, frightening BUZZ --

-- the fence comes alive.

POW! Tim is cut off in mid-sentence and literally thrown from the fence. He SLAMS to the ground, next to his night goggles, which still hang on the bottom wire of the fence. They SIZZLE and EXPLODE, bursting into flame, as do a few fallen tree branches that lean against the fence.

GRANT
TIM!!

Lex SCREAMS and they both race over to Timmy's still form and turn him over. He is completely white, and not breathing.

LEX
Is he okay?! What's wrong with him?!

Grant rips Tim's shirt open and presses his ear to Tim's chest.

GRANT
No, damn it, no!

LEX
He's dead, oh my God -- !

Grant puts one hand under Tim's neck and arches it, to clear the airway. He clasps his hands together and starts CPR, alternately compressing Timmy's chest fifteen times, quickly, and breathing into his mouth twice.

Fifteen compressions. Two deep breaths. Fifteen compressions. Two deep breaths.

GRANT
Live, live, LIVE --

Fifteen com --

-- Timmy GASPS and comes to.

LEX
Timmy!

Grant holds him tight.

CUT TO:

120 INT SHED DAY 120

ELLIE watches as the banks of fluorescent lights in the maintenance shed come on, one by one.

ELLIE
Thank God.

The lights are going on in rows, coming closer and closer to her. Finally, her row comes on. She blinks a little from the light and sees --

-- a raptor, right there, behind the control panel! It SLASHES, taking a lunging sweep at Ellie, but gets stuck, its feet and legs tangled in the maze of pipes on the floor.

Ellie SHOUTS and falls back into the pipes on the other side of the aisle, frantic.

A dead arm falls onto her shoulder. Ellie SCREAMS and looks up. JOHN ARNOLD is there, or what's left of him, stuck in the tangle of pipes. His arm falls to the ground, his body stays put, and Ellie takes off, running as fast as she can, back the way she came.

The raptor untangles itself from the pipes and gives chase. This is our first good look at one of these things, and if it weren't so terrifying, we could admit that it truly is a thing of beauty. It's the biggest of the raptors, intensely muscled, coordinated as hell, a smoothly designed predator.

But Ellie's in no mood to admire it. She reaches the stairs and hits them, hard, flying up them. The raptor must be right behind her, she can hear the CLICKING and CLANGING as it scrambles up the stairs, but she doesn't look back.

She reaches the top, throws open the door, hurls herself outside --

121 EXT SHED DAY 121

-- and SLAMS the door behind her, just as the raptor's head SNARLS at her from near the top of the stairs.

It hits the door, hard, CLANGING into it, but the door holds fast.

CUT TO:

121A EXT JUNGLE DAY 121A

ROBERT MULDOON creeps slowly through the jungle foliage, tracking his prey. He ducks and walks through a hollow log, underneath a fallen tree, following the RUSTLING sound up ahead of him.

He can see just a trace of the raptor's gray flesh as it moves up ahead, staying just camouflaged enough to deny him a decent shot. Thinking he's got a moment, Muldoon raises his gun to take aim --

-- but the raptor darts away, deeper into the jungle.

Muldoon follows. It stops again, and so does he. He knows it's somewhere up ahead, hidden in the foliage. A snake slithers across a tree branch, past what looks like the large iris of a flower.

The flower blinks.

It's the eye of the raptor. Muldoon sees it. He raises his gun. Instead of running away again, the raptor rises slowly out of the brush, fully revealing itself to Muldoon, HISSING at him.

The corners of Muldoon's mouth twitch up into a smile. He draws a bead on the animal.

MULDOON
Gotcha.

His finger tenses on the trigger. Suddenly, his smile vanishes, both eyes pop open, and a terrible thought sweeps across his face. His eyes flick to the side --

-- which is where the attack comes from. With a ROAR, another raptor comes flashing out of nowhere and pounces on him. The gun BLASTS, but wildly, and the raptor's claw SLASHES through Muldoon's midsection.

Muldoon SCREAMS and falls back, the raptor locked on top of him, all tooth and claw all of a sudden.

As the second raptor makes the kill, the first raptor strides slowly forward and watches approvingly.

It throws its head back and SNARLS.

CUT TO:

122 INT VISITOR'S CENTER DAY 122

GRANT, TIM, and LEX come into the deserted visitor's center. Grant now carries Tim, who is weakened but conscious.

GRANT
HELLO?!

There's no answer.

123 INT RESTAURANT DAY 123

GRANT, TIM, and LEX come into the restaurant. Grant carefully sets Tim in a chair at one of the tables. Lex sits next to him.

GRANT
I need to find the others and get you to a doctor. Do you feel okay here?

Tim nods weakly.

GRANT (cont.)
Will you take care of your brother for me, Lex?

LEX
(scared as hell)
Yes.

Grant nods. He looks at them for a second. He runs his hand through Tim's hair once, gives Lex a quick kiss on the forehead --

-- and leaves. As he goes across the lobby of the visitor's center and outside, they can see his silhouette, moving through a translucent mural that depicts dinosaurs in various natural settings.

It's quiet for a second as Lex and Tim just look at each other.

LEX
Are you hungry, Timmy?

Tim shrugs, pretty weakened, sort of draped over his chair.

LEX (cont.)
You stay here, I'll get you something.

She goes across the room, to an all-you-can-eat counter on the other side, and quickly piles some food on a tray. She brings it back to the table.

LEX (cont.)
Here, try some Jell-O.

She digs into the food, coming up with a spoonful of lime Jell-O. She holds it out toward Timmy, to feed him --

-- but her hand freezes halfway to his mouth. Tim looks up, and sees the expression on her face. She's staring over his shoulder, eyes wide, the Jell-O quivering in her shaking hand.

TIM
What?

LEX
Something's here.

Tim turns around. Behind him, one of the silhouettes on the mural is a raptor, in a hunting pose. While they stare, the silhouette of a real raptor moves out from behind it and creeps forward, in the lobby of the visitor's center.

LEX (cont.)
Can you run?!

TIM
I don't think so!

Lex quickly loops an arm under his, hauls him to his feet, and races into the kitchen with him.

124 INT KITCHEN DAY 124

LEX pulls the shiny metal door shut as quietly as she possibly can. It latches with a distinctive CLICK, but there's no lock.

She runs to a panel of light switches and kills them all, plunging the room into semi-darkness. She helps TIM down an aisle and they hide behind a counter, breathing hard.

CUT TO:

125 EXT COMPOUND DAY 125

GRANT walks quickly down the narrow path toward Hammond's compound, eyes darting from side to side. Far off, he sees the gate. ELLIE stands inside it, waving to him, SHOUTING something too faint for him to hear.

He furrows his brow. He starts to walk faster.

She SHOUTS louder. He walks even faster. He's closer now, and he can finally make out what she's shouting.

ELLIE
RUN!

Grant takes off, toward the gate, not even looking back. He races up, Ellie holds it open, he flies through, and she CLANGS it shut behind him.

He turns and she runs into his arms. They hold each other, tight.

ELLIE (cont.)
Where are the kids?!

126 INT BUNKER DAY 126

GRANT, now in the bunker with ELLIE, HAMMOND, and MALCOLM, RACKS the bolt on a ten gauge shotgun.

GRANT
(to Ellie)
There's just the two raptors, right? You're sure the third one's contained?

ELLIE
Unless they figured out how to open doors.

CUT TO:

127 INT KITCHEN DAY 127

A raptor's head pops into view, visible through the round window in the middle of the restaurant door. It just looks for a moment, its breath steaming up the window.

THROUGH THE WINDOW,

as the steam evaporates, the raptor can see a part of Tim that is not entirely hidden by the counter.

IN THE KITCHEN,

TIM and LEX remain frozen in fear as the raptor first SNIFFS at the bottom of the door, then butts its head against it.

THUMP. THUMP. THUMP.

But the door doesn't budge.

A moment passes. Tim and Lex stare in shock as the door handle starts to turn. They suck in their breath as the door opens. The first raptor stands in the doorway, draws itself up to its full height, and looks around the kitchen.

It SNARLS. It takes a few steps into the kitchen.

Now, a second raptor joins it in the doorway. They move into the room, and brush against each other. The first raptor SNAPS at the second, as if to say "keep your distance."

Now the raptors split, taking two different aisles. Tim and Lex crawl away, Tim awfully weak now, down a third aisle, around the other side of a counter from the raptors, moving in the opposite direction.

As Tim and Lex pass the raptors, one of the raptor's tails SMACKS into some pots and pans, knocking them off the counter. They fall on the kids, who manage to keep quiet.

The kids keep moving as one raptor dips down, looking through an open cabinet to inspect the racket.

Tim and Lex reach the end of the aisle and round a corner -- but Timmy's falling behind now, and he accidentally brushes against some hanging kitchen utensils.

Both raptors turn. One tail sweeps more kitchen stuff onto the floor. A pot lid CLATTERS to a stop, and the strange metallic sounds confuse the raptors for a moment.

But then they move, in Tim's direction, SNIFFING, heading right for him. They're just about to turn the corner to where he sits, exposed and exhausted, but they stop, hearing a CLICKING sound from the other end of the aisle.

It's Lex, TAPPING a spoon on the floor to distract them. The raptors start cautiously toward Lex's noise, leaving Tim.

Lex sees a steel cabinet behind her, its sliding door slid up and open. She crawls inside, silently.

Tim sees the raptors make the turn toward Lex, SMASHING more stuff around with their tails. He turns and sees a walk-in freezer in the far wall, with a pin-locking handle.

As Lex tries to pull the overhead door to the cabinet shut, one of the raptors rounds a corner and sees her reflection on a shiny cabinet front. Lex tries frantically to lower the cabinet door, but it's stuck.

Tim takes a few deep breaths, summons what little strength he has left --

-- and makes a break for the walk-in freezer. He's limping, dragging himself, really moving like wounded prey now, and --

-- the other raptor spots him. Both raptors go into a pre-attack crouch -- and they pounce, one toward each of the kids.

Lex tugs on the cover, to no avail --

-- Tim's raptor charges after him, just open floor space between them --

-- and Lex's raptor THUDS into the shiny surface bearing her reflection. It chased the wrong image. It sags to the floor, semi-conscious.

At the other end of the aisle, the real Lex SCREAMS as the other raptor bears down on Tim. Tim reaches the freezer, rips the door open, and falls inside. The floor is cold and slick and his feet go right out from under him. He sprawls across the floor, rolls out of the way --

-- and the raptor slips and falls into the freezer too, right past him, smashing into a supply shelf. Tim drags himself to his feet and out of the freezer.

The raptor makes one last lunge, right on Tim's heels, its mouth wide open --

-- but Lex SLAMS the door shut just as Tim is clear. The raptor's head is caught for a second, but it SNARLS, retreats, and Lex gets the door shut all the way.

The raptor ROARS and SCREAMS inside. Tim jams the pin through the handle, locking it in.

Now the other raptor staggers to its feet. Groggy, it SMASHES into stuff all over the kitchen. Lex throws her arm around Tim again for support and they take off.

128 INT RESTAURANT DAY 128

TIM and LEX hurry across the restaurant. They stare back over their shoulders as they run, and a dark shape looms up in front of them that they don't even see.

They CRASH into it, fall back to the floor, and look up.

It's GRANT and ELLIE. They reach down and yank the kids to their feet.

GRANT
Let's go!

129 INT SECOND FLOOR CORRIDOR DAY 129

GRANT, ELLIE, and the KIDS race down the second floor corridor toward the control room, Grant carrying Tim again.

130 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 130

The door to the control room SMACKS open. GRANT, ELLIE, and the KIDS burst in. The others head straight for the main computer terminal, but Grant deposits Tim in a chair and races back to the door to lock it.

LEX
We can call for help?!

ELLIE
As soon as we re-boot the system!

She sits at the computer and studies the screen. It's flashing at her, dominated by a maze-like grid. She studies it, confused.

GRANT
(at the door)
Hey, the latch panel doesn't --

POW!

Something hits the door, hard, from outside, the kids SCREAM, Grant hurls his back against it --

ELLIE
ALAN!

-- and Ellie leaps out of the chair and races over to the door to help him. A raptor SNARLS and SNAPS, RAMMING itself against the door, trying to force its way into the control room. It's all Ellie and Grant can do to hold the door against the onslaught, but it bucks against them viciously.

GRANT
(to Ellie)
The door locks! Boot up the door locks!

ELLIE
You can't hold the door by yourself!

OVER AT THE COMPUTER,

Lex slides quickly into the command chair at Nedry's terminal. She stares at the screen for a moment --

-- and then her fingers start to fly over the keyboard. Grant and Ellie watch, amazed, as the computer starts to respond to Lex's commands.

TIM
Go, Lexie!

Reaching another menu, Lex spots a box on the screen that reads "DOOR INTEGRITY." She reaches out and touches it. The screen BEEPS --

-- and the door latch panel BUZZES. Grant and Ellie put everything they have into it and finally the door SNICKS shut, locking the raptor outside.

CUT TO:

131 INT BUNKER DAY 131

A phone RINGS. HAMMOND and MALCOLM look at each other, wide-eyed. Hammond lunges for it.

HAMMOND
Grant?!

132 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 132

All the screens in the control room have come alive now, and data is scrolling by at incredible speed as every remaining system in the park comes back on line. ELLIE is at the keyboard with LEX now, figuring things out, and GRANT is on the phone.

GRANT
We've got the phones back on! Call the mainland!

133 INT BUNKER DAY 133

HAMMOND is on the phone, MALCOLM is trying to listen.

GRANT (o.s.)
Have them send the helicopter --

Suddenly Grant stops in the middle of his sentence. A SCREAM cuts in, then three GUNSHOTS, fast, and a horrible CLUNKING as the phone is dropped.

HAMMOND
Grant! Grant!

But there's no answer.

134 INT CONTROL ROOM DAY 134

Grant's rifle lies on the floor, smoking, several spent shells alongside it. The front window of the control room has three huge impact shatter patterns in the glass, where the gunshots hit.

Feet race up a ladder as GRANT helps TIM up through a ceiling panel and into the ceiling crawl space.

LEX and ELLIE look down from the ceiling, where they are already. Grant looks over to the front window, scared as hell, just as --

-- it SHATTERS in a shower of glass as a raptor EXPLODES into the control room. It's the big lady herself, the one that chased Ellie in the maintenance shed. It lands on its feet in the middle of the floor, swiveling its head.

Grant vaults himself up into the ceiling.

135 IN THE CRAWL SPACE, 135

Grant, Ellie, and the kids dash across the ceiling panels, moving fast but carefully so as not to break through the soft areas.

SMASH! The raptor's head bursts through a panel behind them, leaping up at them, SNARLING and SNAPPING.

It drops down again, and they keep moving forward. But now it ERUPTS through a panel right in front of them. They SCREAM, its teeth CLICK just inches in front of Ellie --

-- but the raptor can't hold itself up there, and it falls back to the floor of the control room.

Grant looks around frantically and spots an air duct a few yards away.

GRANT
Into the air duct!

They move for it, but the raptor's head CRASHES through the ceiling again, this time right underneath Lex. She SCREAMS and is lifted up, on top of its head, and pinned to the ceiling above.

Grant SMASHES his boot into the side of the raptor's head. The raptor SNAPS at him, latching onto his boot for a second before the raptor's own weight pulls it back down, wrenching Grant's ankle and RIPPING the sole of his boot clean off.

Lex goes down with the raptor, spinning into the hole in the ceiling, tumbling down. Ellie grabs her by the collar at the last second, but Lex dangles there, above the raptor!

The animal flips over onto its feet and crouches to pounce just as Ellie summons her strength and jerks Lex back into the ceiling.

The raptor springs, but too late. Ellie and Lex scramble over to the air duct and join Grant and Tim inside it.

136 IN THE AIR DUCT, 136

Grant, Ellie, and the kids crawl through the air duct as fast as they can, the thin metal BOOMING and creasing around them. They reach a metal grate that shows daylight beneath. Grant reaches out and pulls it up.

Through the grate, they can see the lobby of the visitor's center below. They're directly above the skeletons of the dinosaurs, the T-rex and the sauropod it's attacking. The unfinished skeletons are surrounded by scaffolding.

GRANT
Down through here!

137 IN THE LOBBY, 137

Grant and the others climb down out of the air duct and onto a platform of the scaffolding. The large Condor crane is next to the scaffolding, and they jump down onto it.

Grant looks at the controls, trying to figure out how to take this thing down, as it's much too far to jump.

GRANT
(punching buttons)
Come on -- come on --

He finds a key and turns it. The Condor engine COUGHS and SPUTTERS to life. Exhaust fumes pour out the tailpipe of the unit, down on the lobby floor some twenty feet below.

Grant throws a lever and the Condor shudders to life, starting to move down.

Suddenly, there is the piercing, painful SHRIEK of claws on metal --

-- and the raptor flies out of the air duct above them.

They SHOUT as the raptor lands on the scaffold platform, which sways from the impact. The Condor moves down, but slowly, as the raptor scrambles for purchase on the platform. It kicks several buckets of paint off the edge, which hit the floor and explode, sending paint flying everywhere.

Grant moves the Condor away from the raptor, but the animal springs, right for it, and lands on the side of the thing, clinging to the railings.

Grant grabs the controls again and changes them, now thrusting the Condor platform to the side, toward the T-rex. It SMASHES into the T-rex's mouth, CRUNCHING the big raptor there.

The raptor SCREAMS. The ceiling cables that support the skeletons SNAP and fire down like bullets. The top of the T-rex skeleton collapses, falling down onto the brachiosaur's spine with the raptor stuck in its jaws.

Grant immediately hits the DOWN lever of the Condor and throws the throttle wide open. The Condor ROARS to life, smoke billows out the back, and the thing descends, right on top of the T-rex skeleton, crushing it. The raptor's forelimbs claw desperately at the Condor platform, leaving deep, bloody scratches.

The Condor hits the floor. The T-rex jaws SLAM shut and the fossilized teeth sink deep into the first raptor. The animal HOWLS, the Condor WHINES as it pushes down, squeezing both living and fossilized dinosaur, and then --

-- the raptor's howls cease. A huge pool of blood seeps out between the Condor and the floor.

ELLIE

ALAN!

Grant whirls and looks to where Ellie is pointing --

-- at <u>another</u> raptor, the one from the kitchen, which has awakened fully and is <u>right</u> <u>there</u>, ready to spring at them and there's no way they can evade it and its jaws open wide, it HISSES and --

-- KABOOM! KABOOM!

Two giant holes open up in the raptor's side and it flies across the room in pieces, SPLATTING to the floor of the lobby.

They whirl. JOHN HAMMOND stands in the doorway to the outside with Muldoon's rocket launcher in hand.

He races across the lobby, Lex leaps out and hits him like a ton of bricks, and he reaches into the condor basket and helps Tim out. He holds both of them in his arms at once, kissing them desperately.

HAMMOND
Thank God. Thank God.

Grant and Ellie look at each other. No words necessary. They grab each other and hold on as tightly as they possibly can.

CUT TO:

138 EXT HELICOPTER LANDING PAD DAY 138

The helicopter rotors whirl to life as the chopper waits on the landing cross. A jeep ROARS up next to it.

139 INT HELICOPTER DAY 139

One by one, they climb aboard, their faces white from their ordeal.

MALCOLM comes on first, helped by HAMMOND.

Then ELLIE, holding LEX by the hand.

And then GRANT, carrying TIM.

No one speaks. The helicopter engines SCREAM as it immediately starts to take off.

As they rise into the air, they all stare out the windows, looking down on the park as it spreads out below them.

140 DOWN IN THE PARK, 140

the helicopter soars over a vast plain. The tyrannosaur, which is still feeding on the remains of the dinosaur it ran down and killed, looks up at the helicopter.

It throws its head back and ROARS, waving its little forelimbs at the strange thing in frustration. As the helicopter moves off, the T-rex just stares, silently, with its huge, yellowing eyes. It's a moment of utter bewilderment for the rex, and we almost feel --

-- sad for her.

141 BACK IN THE HELICOPTER, 141

the rex becomes very, very small; it seems almost harmless from up here.

Hammond watches, his eyes full. He looks over at the kids.

They're in the back of the helicopter, with Grant. As they look out the windows, Grant almost absently has his arm around both kids.

Now Ellie looks at him. Both he and the kids seem so natural, so obviously comfortable and trusting with each other. She smiles.

She moves over and joins them, and Grant puts his other arm around her. Ellie takes his hand tightly in both of hers.

Lex reaches up, determined and a little jealous, and takes Grant's other hand in both of hers, just like Ellie.

The four of them sit that way, in the back of the helicopter, huddled together. Survivors.

Grant looks out the window.

The helicopter sweeps low over a huge flock of seabirds that's feeding on a school of fish. As the chopper ROARS near, it kicks up the flock. Hundreds of birds sail off in all directions, powerful and graceful.

Grant looks at the birds and breaks into a wide grin. He nudges Tim, who sits up next to him, staring out at them.

Tim smiles too.

The birds reform as a flock again, and fly straight into the sun.

FADE OUT.

APPENDIX A

(Text for recorded presentation in scene 30)

Throughout the scene, a slide show flashes on six screens that encircle the room. JOHN HAMMOND's voice accompanies the visuals. Suggested text:

HAMMOND
(on tape, continuing)
-- more adventurous guests can opt for the Jungle River Cruise, or, for winged dinosaurs, the Aviary Lodge Tour.

This last line cues Hammond's "None of these attractions..." line :06 seconds into the scene. The voiceover continues:

HAMMOND (cont'd)
But will they come? You bet they will. Last year, more Americans visited zoos than all professional baseball and football games combined. Without the burden of competition faced by traditional zoos, Jurassic Park can reasonably anticipate full booking up to several years in advance. When fully operational, Jurassic Park's direct revenues from attendance and lodging alone should exceed four billion dollars a year --

This last line cues Hammond's "That's conservative..." line :40 seconds into the scene. The voiceover continues:

HAMMOND (cont'd)
-- which doesn't even take into consideration the impressive revenue available from television, ancillary rights, and merchandising. Yes, let's talk merchandising. We all know a child's passion for dinosaurs, because we all felt is ourselves! Picture books, tee-shirts, video games, caps, stuffed toys, comic books -- the applications of the Jurassic Park name is really only limited by our own imaginations. And, as you've already seen, there's no limit to that at all! Just look around you. Jurassic Park is a place of immense beauty, beauty that is enhanced, in some cases even <u>brought to life</u> by spectacular technology.
(MORE)

HAMMOND (cont'd)
It's a place where man can discover his lost past on an island with every convenience of our radiant future -- hospital, luxurious hotels with the best leisure facilities, world-class restaurants staffed by reknowned chefs. With all we've got going for us, the only question will be what to do with all the world demand we are unable to satisfy! But that answer's simple! Supply it, of course! InGen Construction has already leased a large tract in the Azores --

This last line cues the first slide referring to Jurassic Park Europe and Japan, which comes 3:24 into the scene. The voiceover continues:

HAMMOND (cont'd)
-- for Jurassic Park Europe, and an island near Guam, for Jurassic Park near Japan. If our negotiations with the People's Republic of China conclude successfully, Jurassic Park Beijing will be the first Western enterprise to bring its profits home from China. Construction on the next three Jurassic Parks will begin early next year, with an opening date in four years.
(his tone changes; he's wrapping up)
Jurassic Park. Simply put, an island in which genetically engineered dinosaurs have been allowed to move in a natural park-like setting, forming the single most compelling tourist attraction man has ever created. The story of its inception, research and development, initial implementation, and ultimate success is one which will become legend not only in the boardrooms of the world -- but in the classrooms as well. The past, the present, and the future -- are here. In Jurassic Park.